

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Maclean's

NOVEMBER 26, 1979

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Editorial

Three remedies for a Liberal party that can never again win with Pierre Trudeau



By Peter C. Newman

In a little-reported but important speech, Bob Andras, the Lakeshore Ford dealer who became one of the Trudeau government's more enlightened ministers, recently sounded a battle cry which ought to reverberate through this week's deliberations of the Liberal party's national executive: "We Liberals," he said, "have long been the champions, the Montreal Canadiens of Canadian politics, and we're not going to give up our claim after only one narrowly lost title in 16 years. Our secret, as with the Canadiens, is in the ability for renewal."

Apart from the awkward fact that a few days after Andras made his remarks the Canadians promptly signed up a brand-new team captain, every thoughtful Liberal in the country must realize Pierre Trudeau will never lead his party to victory again. At the same time, any move to force Trudeau out before the Quebec referendum would be suicidal, threatening the Grits' only surviving power base.

The Liberals' main hope of regaining office flows from their willingness to deal with three urgent priorities:

1. They must start thinking again. No new ideas have claimed access to Gritt exams since the 1990 Kingston Conference, which developed the policy initiatives that allowed Lester Pearson to stumble into office three years later. Ever since, the Liberals have tried to rule by surmising a form of divine right—as

weepy and dated a notion as Trudeau's short-lived beard. Without another brainstorming jamboree the party can never return to its traditional stance of what John Payne, a political philosopher from Montreal, once described to me as "sedate populism." This is the banana-peel ideology that kept the Liberals in power for 37 of the past 45 years.

2. They must break into the West. In the 80 seats on the rich side of the Ontario border, Liberals have been so decimated that they now rank just ahead of the B.C. soccer party. The most recent redistribution of constituency boundaries for the first time gave Western Canada more seats than Quebec. That trend will accelerate. Without raising themselves to meaningful status in B.C. and the Prairies, the Liberals may as well stop pretending that they're a national party.

3. They must reintegrate their provincial comrades. For the first time in this century, no single Liberal provincial government remains in office, and the only two powerful Opposition leaders—Claude Ryan in Quebec and Stuart Smith in Ontario—make a fetish of disavowing any federal links.

If, instead of plugging for this triad of essential reforms, the Liberals continue to be obsessed with analyzing Trudeau's bald spot, Canadian politics stands in danger of being polarized between an increasingly right-wing Conservative party and a fogbound, underdominated not-in-these-perilous-times Canada cannot afford a void at its vital political centre.

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MACLEAN'S NOVEMBER 26, 1979

The old-boys' network gets a jolt from the Blunt spy-caper cover-up



By Carol Kennedy

Just as the British public was beginning to grow bored with the farcical raking-over-the-ashes of the Burgess-Maclean-Philby spy scandal of the 1950s, the three bones of the Anthony Blunt affair have erupted under the feet of the Thatcher government. Whitelaw's readjusting and even the Queen herself. It has exposed just how the raking over the coals of Britain are still run as the old-boy network—that which the chips are down, the “establishment” protects its own.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's shocking revelation last week that the Queen's former art adviser once spied for the Soviet Union while working for British security, and was the notorious “fourth man” who recruited Guy Burgess to communism at Cambridge University, has exposed a 15-year cover-up by Whitelaw's chief, in its strongest apologetic, makes Whitelaw look like the weak of answers. Both men initially responsible for the cover-up are now dead—the Conservative attorney-general of 1964, Sir John Hailson, and the then head of MI-6 intelligence, Sir Roger Hollis—and the prime minister of the time, Lord Home, says, “I was not told.” Blunt was promoted manually from prosecution after confessing his wartime spying activities in return for interviews about KGB operations.

Once worse than the cover-up, to many minds, is the double standard which has hitherto operated with con-

temporary spies such as Barbara Pelt, who was not part of Britain's social and intellectual elite and was sent down for a long prison term, and with journalists who have at various times been lauded by government for not disclosing sources of officially unacknowledged stories. Some Labor MPs are determined to call the government on the matter.

Opposition critics will also want to know why the 78-year-old Blunt, who decamped abroad with a mass of luggage the day before Thatcher's Commons statement, was tipped off through his lawyers that a statement was imminent. And the question of the “TRH man,” now publicly alleged to be Sir Wilfrid Munn, a British playwright living near Washington, has already been referred to the attorney-general in Parliament with a view to possible prosecution. Munn is quoted as denying the allegations that he passed nuclear secrets to the Russians. He told *The Guardian* that even the dates in the story were incorrect, as he was in Canada at the time his new works for the *U.S. Bureau of Standards*.

Now the Queen has been embroiled publicly, while the truth is that she was kept in the dark by her advisers or was advised by them to ignore the former traitor's past. As *The Times* commented in a withering editorial on Sir Anthony, being stripped of his knighthood: “It is a bit late to strip a man of his honors when he has been lawfully permitted to hold royal posts as a retired traitor for 15 years.”

What perturbs thoughtful Britons

Queen Elizabeth and Blunt together in 1958, a last year for the establishment.

this week is that the establishment has apparently learned nothing since Kim Philby was proven from being unmasked for 10 years because of reluctance by his “establishment” allies to think that “one of us” could be a Russian spy. Blunt, Philby, Burgess and Maclean got away with it because they were upper-class and brilliant, went to the right schools and “Oxbridge” colleges and moved with easy grace in the corridors of power.

Blunt could have been identified just after the war if intelligence had mounted a serious investigation, claims Donald McCormick, senior of the British Consulate. He told *The Guardian* that when Ilya Gosenko defected in Canada in 1945, his testimony pointed directly to a man in it as responsible for the diplomatic bugs—Anthony Blunt.

“It is has certainly been a year for Britons to reflect on the sliding power of the establishment, even in a social climate very different from that of 30 years ago. The January Thorne scandal on a mariner emergency change left a few unanswered questions. But things could be changing.”

By virtue of her sex, Thatcher is not part of the ruling-class society of clubs and smoking-rooms. One day, the Heath changed them by choice. It would be entirely appropriate if the job of looking down the still-dangerous vines of the old-boy net were begun by Britain's first woman leader.



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Frontlines

Baez gives voice to Cambodia's horrors

By Catherine Fox

The lights go down and there on the street is Jean Baez walking through a refugee camp on the Thailand/Cambodia border. Most of the thousands of refugees around her are lying down, too weak to walk or even talk. She relates the stories of the few who are strong enough. A man and a young boy, cowering down, are shown. "I asked this man if he could make it the 100 yards more to get food or attention. He said no. This boy is 14. He lost his entire family when he died."

In another scene Baez is on a rocky stage, with a bad sound system, singing to thousands of refugees. "These people don't know who the hell I am. I was singing notes totally unfamiliar to them. With all the money and sickness around, we wondered if giving a concert was the right thing to do. When I saw the children dancing and clapping their hands, I knew it was the right thing to do."

The lights come back on and there is Jean Baez, in a pretty purple dress, smiling perfectly done, talking about "the right thing." She is in Washington, trying to convince politicians, journalists and just about anyone else who will lis-

ten that the situation in Southeast Asia—especially in Cambodia and on the Thai border—is desperate, that perhaps 2½ million people will starve to death in the next six months if aid is not immediately forthcoming.

It matters little to Baez that many people consider her schemes naïve. Detractors point out that the Vietnamese-controlled government in Hanoi, Peking won't allow aid to reach the victims, and ask what's the goal of organizing a "nonviolent" army to bear food and medical supplies into the country, as she proposes. Others question the practicality of this suggestion. "If your dad's got a plane, you could paint a boat and a wheat field on its belly. Fly it and land, even if they tell you not to. It may be crazy, and you may have to risk your life." But though some of her ideas may seem impractical, if not impossible to carry out, few people would question her sentiments regarding the holocaust in Cambodia.

"Many of the ideas being proposed sound harebrained," she says, "until you try them." Her own personal mission to Cambodia had a two-fold purpose: to bring attention to the plight of both the "lost people" fleeing Vietnam and of the "land people" flooding out of



Cambodian refugees in Sakeaw, starving Cambodian child, Baez. "It may be scary and you may have to risk your life."

Cambodia and Laos, and to try to substantiate claims of gross human rights violations within these countries. Her efforts, such as those of many other philanthropists, will be no use for many Cambodians. In October, the Secretary-General, Kurt Waldheim, launched an appeal for funds for Southeast Asia, noting that half of Cambodia's 8.5 million population have already died as a result of war, disease and starvation.

Since the day she refused to participate in an air-raid drill at age 16, Baez has been trying all sorts of things for causes. Her primary concerns have been human rights—she has marched and sung for women's rights, homosexuals, farm workers and prisoners, in the U.S. and abroad. She has demonstrated against the Vietnam War, nuclear power and the death penalty. In the past

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Frontlines

several years she has also worked on new records—she has made more than 20.

Last spring, after several years of "history charging," as she calls it, Baez was back in the headlines and frontlines as the "Madonna of the Movement." After her many years of protest against the Vietnam War, she was attacking what was once considered a victim of that war—the Haas government. In a \$2,000 advertisement printed in *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *San Francisco Examiner* and *Los Angeles Times*, she— and 84 co-signers—write "With tragic irony, the cruelty, violence and oppression practised by foreign powers in your country for more than a century continues today under the present regime."

As in the past, Baez drew sharp criticism for the ad—but this time it came from some of her old anti-war allies. Jazz pianist Roland Kirk, saying she couldn't back up Baez's charges Chicago Seven lawyer William Kunstler said, "I don't believe in criticizing socialist governments publicly, even if there are human rights violations." Ten years ago, conservatives charged that Baez was a Soviet agent. Now she was accused of working for the CIA. "If I am, I sure hope they pay me better than the CIA has all these years," she quipped.

She accused Ponder—whom she hasn't seen since—"of pussy footing" on the issue. To those who claimed she was betraying the Vietnamese she said: "I never supported the North Vietnamese government. I've been a speaker all the years that I can remember who insist that I've never supported violence. I've simply supported people and their right to live."

While in Washington recently to testify before Senator Edward Kennedy's judiciary committee, she jumped on a jump-packed bearing room with her characteristic dressiness. She filed her report with detailed horror stories. She said she spoke to people who had been kept in small, almost airtight packing boxes for weeks on end, to people who had relatives thrown into make pits, and to Catholic doctors forced to perform abortions. A clearly shaken Kennedy called her "an extremely articulate spokesman for humanitarian concerns."

Whatever Baez speaks, whether it's at a big National Press Club luncheon, or just one-on-one in her hotel suite, she's hard not to be drawn in by her dark eyes—always described as "sad," despite their sparkle—and her smile. At 28, her curly brown hair shows traces of grey. She wears stylish, casual dresses and a large gold ring on her right hand. She is accustomed to com-



Baez in Caribbean camp: tragic irony

fort and makes no apology for it.

"When we were overseas we stayed in good, clean hotels and had enough to eat. After seeing what we did, we weren't very hungry. At one camp we came under mortar attack. I felt the same as I did when I was in Haas [in 1972] and it was being bombed. I saw my own mortality and I hated it."

Looking at the guitar case in the corner, she said: "I haven't had the chance to practice the guitar or sing to myself for months, unless I wake up at 6 a.m. It's just assumed that I'll do more recording, but I have no specific plans right now. People want me to do another European tour next summer, but I'm so wrapped up in refugee resettlement I haven't had time to think about it."

Baez has decided to sponsor one refugee herself, a Cambodian student who was beaten for 27 days in a row, but finally managed to escape.

"I still have to be concerned with being a good mom," she says, thinking of her nine-year-old son, Gabriel. "He's been spending a very masculine month with his father"—David Harris, divorced from Baez and now remarried. "His father, his stepmother and I got along very well and work together in his upbringing."

She doesn't reveal much more of her personal life, preferring to concentrate on her mission. "I even had one idea to go to the Pentagon and ask them for the money they spend on just one missile that would probably be obsolete in six months anyway. I guess I'm going to continue to be obstinate and misunderstood by some." But not misunderstood by an American ethnostat who wrote of her: "Narcosis is not the cardinal sin, Hardness of heart is the cardinal sin, and smiling a more far than we have no better instructor than Joan Baez." ♦

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Tracking cancer to its lair

An odd car ride across Stephen Sauer's throat, the servant of an operation to remove a tumor from his thyroid gland. The fading line reminds the 30-year-old Torontoan of more than his brief bout with cancer last year: his mother died from the disease in 1975. And for the past 12 months, Sauer has conducted a vigorous one-man campaign to establish whether the two illnesses could be linked to a dump of radioactive tailings in Port Hope, Ontario, where his family lived for a year when he was 8.

Though Sauer earns little more than \$15,000 a year making his 6 speakers, he took up the fight by plunking \$1,500 into research. He sought out reports and articles on the poisonous effects of radon gas, which is emitted from radioactive material. He sought out professors for information and put newspaper reporters into the fact that Port Hope, a community of 10,000, 40 miles east of Toronto, had never had a full-scale study of health hazards related to the activities of Eldorado Nuclear Ltd. That fall, after Sauer's reporting, several Toronto-area reporters uncovered cases of leukemia and other cancers, and glandular tumors in Port Hope. It seemed Sauer's efforts had paid off when the federal health minister, David Crombie, ordered his officials to begin the first full-scale health study of the community, which may cost as much as \$100,000.

At issue is not whether Eldorado Nuclear's uranium refining operations should be blamed for causing cancer—although that's the shading most of Port Hope's residents and the 400-odd Eldorado employees have given to the controversy. Sauer's concern is even in danger of nuclear energy—has been simply to publicize the need for a major study of the health of the town's residents and ex-residents.

One preliminary study, made in 1978, showed Port Hope's cancer death rate was lower than that of 13 other Ontario towns—ones lower than the national average. But Sauer's car would have elated these few statistical comparisons, which failed to include living victims, remissions, cures, cancer victims who had moved away, and those weakened by cancer who had died from other causes.



Sauer: one victim's one-man campaign

Port Hope has had some radiation scares in the past. High radon readings in 1975 led to the closing of schools, property values plummeted, and almost \$6 million was spent on the cleanup. As soil seeping away times the permissible level of radon gas was trucked out of town, residents hoped they had heard the last of the scare stories.

Back in 1978, when the Sauer family moved into Port Hope, Eldorado had switched from refining radium to its present uranium refining business, and no longer used its radium dump sites on the outskirts of town. The company took precautions to keep the radioactive waste off-site separate from the water table—especially from one Brad's Creek, the local playground—by installing collector ponds and effluent pipes.

Sauer was one of many children who played in Brad's Creek, down a valley from Eldorado's Wisconsin derby, 45 miles across about possible pollution. Then in 1978, 10 years after leaving Port Hope, Sauer had an operation for cancer performed on his thyroid. At that time a specialist, Dr. Gerald Bain, suggested there might be a connection between the cancer and Sauer's early exposure to radiation. Soon after, Sauer learned about a legal suit against Eldorado by the estate of a Port Hope employee who had died of lung cancer. That was enough prompting: his campaign was on.

He asked the Atomic Energy Control Board's (AECB) Port Hope offices for waste and radioactivity studies, but was

told they were out of print or just unavailable. But he stopped the show at a University of Toronto Energy Probe conference. "There was a dead silence after he spoke," recalls Evelyn Gorman, the provincial NDP's energy critic. "The case rose to stirrings." She obtained for him AECB monitoring reports showing that as late as 1988, effluent in Welcome dump's collector ponds showed readings of a radon level of 235—250 times the maximum provincial safety level.

But while Sauer was busily contacting and circulating his photocopied research to other doctors, physicists and reporters, Port Hope decided to fight back against what town councillor Roger Carr described as "a helluva lot of hype." Carr agrees with provincial health official Dr. Jan Muller, who thinks that thyroid cancer is a "very unlikely" result of exposure to radiation.

But Sauer bounced back. He tracked down radiation expert Professor Leslie Van Middleworth of the University of Tennessee, who cited studies (from the U.S. and Slovakia) that convincingly linked radiation to thyroid cancer. "The point," concludes Bain, "is that we don't yet know if there's cause for alarm." "If Canadians get the proper kind of study," says Bain, "it's largely due to Steve Sauer's efforts." Why has a shaggy, long-haired, low-rear speaker-builder done more digging than press, politicians and guardians of public health? As one reporter who has been working on the story put it: "We don't have cancer." **Vid Bosc**

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Where is Raoul Wallenberg?



By Peter Lewis

Two few people in Stockholm who still remember Raoul Wallenberg recall that he had delicate features, a stooped, slender frame and that he was already losing his hair at 32. If Wallenberg—the central figure in one of the most intriguing mysteries of post-war Europe—is alive today, his body will have grown as tough as old leather and his feet will bear the marks of 35 years of confinement in Soviet jails.

Wallenberg, a Swedish diplomat who vanished in Hungary in 1945 after rescuing thousands of Jews from the Nazis, is believed by many people to be still alive in the Soviet Union. His disappearance has long puzzled Soviet-Swedish relations, fuelled anti-semitic sentiment in the West, spurred human rights groups to demand news of his fate and transformed the luckless Wallenberg himself into an exemplary storybook hero. And renewed interest in his fate this autumn is turning Wallenberg into something of a cause célèbre.

As late as last month, the Soviet gov-



Founders of Redden camp, Germany, 1945, Lantio and Wallenberg's half-sister, Nina Lagerberg. Soviet leaders in the dark?

ernment replied to an impassioned Swedish inquiry into the diplomat's whereabouts with the unimpressive statement that he had died in Lutsenko Prison in Moscow of a heart attack in 1947. And in the U.S., President Jimmy Carter, during a national last-line radio show last month, was asked what he could do for Wallenberg. He promised to pursue the matter. (The U.S. government made a similar decision in 1973, but the proposed inquiry was vetoed by Henry Kissinger.)

Carter had been questioned by one Annette Lantio, a Hungarian Jew

whose the Swedes had saved during the war. Now living in California, Lantio and her husband (also saved by Wallenberg) have been working to return the favor should Wallenberg still be alive. In July of this year their efforts met with some success when four U.S. senators, including Frank Chabot, chairman of the foreign relations committee, formed the Free Raoul Wallenberg Committee to pursue the affair.

Decades of heated debate have obscured the truth about Wallenberg's mission in Hungary. The legend says he saved 100,000 Jews from the Germans by issuing them Swedish passports and visas before he was carried away to Russia by the Soviets, who mistook him for an American spy. In fact, the actual number of Jews rescued by the young Swede was no more than 4,000 according to present-day estimates. The number, however, is unimportant because there can be no quibbling about Wallenberg's courage or about the fact that he did save many lives. But what does matter in the light of subsequent events is that Wallenberg was not a bona fide diplomat and that of the Russians thought he was spying for the Ameri-

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Dairy Bureau of Canada

one they had grounds for suspicion. Raoul Wallenberg was a non-resident, the most promising, young member of an established family who owned a sizable chunk of Swedish industry (see branch still controls the Swedish automotive). Watching the war from neutral Sweden, Wallenberg was horrified by the plight of European Jews under Hitler. When the Nazis invaded Hungary in October, 1944, he approached Jewish organizations in the

United States and Switzerland with the suggestion that he travel to Budapest as a neutral envoy to help Jews escape. The Swedish foreign office, after first attempting to dissuade him from the dangerous mission, agreed to issue Wallenberg by issuing him a diplomatic passport and listing him as a secretary at the legation in Budapest. Arriving with each donated by American Jews and members of his own family, Wallenberg established contact with Wis-

ington and the Red Cross in Geneva over the legation's radio, and then proceeded to provide as many Jews as he could with papers and money for their passage out of the country.

As soon as the Soviets reached Budapest, Wallenberg, who viewed the Red Army as liberators, reported to the new occupying authorities, and was instantly arrested for espionage—his money, radio and false diplomatic status did him in.

"The Soviets later admitted privately that his arrest had been a mistake," says Swedish foreign office Deputy Director Erik Pierre, "but they have offered no information other than to say he was shipped to Russia during the confused period at the war's end and that he died in a Moscow prison in 1947."

The Soviet version, however, holds little water against reports that Wallenberg has been seen alive on at least three occasions since 1947: once in 1951, again in 1958 and finally in 1975. The latest person to claim to have seen him is Jan Kaplan, a 70-year-old Soviet Jew who says he met a Swede calling himself Wallenberg in Butyrka Prison hospital near Moscow in late 1955. Kaplan mistook the encounter in a telephone call to his daughter in Tel Aviv shortly after being released from Butyrka in 1957. But he was arrested and imprisoned shortly after the phone call, and is still in prison. Kaplan's daughter, Anna Rinder, says "If it really was Wallenberg he saw, my father will have to spend the rest of his life in prison." The Soviets have rejected a Swedish government request to guarantee Kaplan in jail.

One puzzling factor in the Wallenberg riddle is why the Soviet Union held on to the Swede after establishing that he was not a spy. "The only plausible reason is that Moscow wanted to eventually trade him off for a Russian imprisoned in the West," said Pierre. "But they left it too long—after a certain point it would have been an embarrassing demand to produce him. That still applies today."

Asked whether he personally felt Wallenberg was alive, Pierre said "We're working on the assumption that he is until we have definite proof otherwise." But he also raised the possibility that the current Soviet leaders might themselves be in the dark about what became of Wallenberg. "He may have sunk from official sight because of bureaucratic error in the Soviet Gaiing system and now be sitting forgotten in some hole, his real identity unknown to his parents," he said. "It's an agonizing thought." ☐

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Frontlines

an scholarly theories of performance. The results were after fashion, real and good-level instruments and real human lungs and fingers simply wouldn't do what the academics demanded. It's a new writing a realistic, though probably overestimated, book on the subject.

McGee and other members of the Consort, including Gerry Grighton, David Kriener and Alison Mackay, have used the group as a research tool, especially for medieval music. The research necessary to support any early music performance is formidable, but the medievalists have to rely on super-dexterity and inspired genius. Many musicians don't even specify whether viols or instruments are to be used.

McGee is a carpenter, and each year he presides over a building workshop where anyone can learn to make a psaltery, a cithra or an S-shaped trumpet. Usually the use is in a private reprieve, perhaps of a accident in a Nuremberg museum or a racket house in Leipzig. "Violant" instruments pose a problem. One instrument maker reconstructed the four-stringed, bowed viola from a drawing of a six-stringed by Fleming. All showed angels holding violas from different angles. One problem: how tall is an angel?

Demand for early instruments has for antedated supply. Craftsmen are often two to 10 years behind with orders. One frustrated client wrote in desperation: "Please, I'm getting old." In Canada more than 15 makers, the majority in U.S., are working to high international standards. One is Edward Turner from Poudre Island, who produces superb harpsichords, while in Windsor, Quebec, there's Rob Harris, said to produce the best Flemish-style violas in the world. Business isn't always small-scale: Region's David Barnfield operates a substantial trade in early instruments by mail order.

Daerly Williams, a teacher who lives in Schomberg near Toronto, has all the business he can handle making viols. His instruments range from \$2,000 (usually) to \$2,500 (larger, well ornamented). In Vancouver, Ray Naras charges \$2,000 and up for his viols. In the Vix he ordered a lute from Belgium, didn't like it, and tried to fix it himself. Intrigued, he went to England in 1987 to study with lute makers in Ely. It's no accident that 12 years later the venue for an international symposium of lute makers was Vancouver. Naras is himself a lutenist and singer of high repute.

Vancouver has good claim to be the capital of early music in Canada, its Early Music Society has issued a trail for similar societies in Calgary, Seattle

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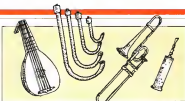
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and San Francisco. Under the society's umbrella flourish the groups *Horizons*, *Musica*, founded in 1968 by Norma, David Skolnik and others, and the Vancouver Town Waples.

Skolnik, a bearded, genial, grama-hair man, ex-president and executive director of the society and director of the Waples, explains that the Waples set out to revivify a sociocultural tradition. The original Waples, "sons of the west" employed by civic governments, gradually took on more ceremonial functions. The Vancouver Waples imitate this tradition by appearing at banquets and formal occasions, though the City of Vancouver has yet to put them on the payroll. In addition they give regular concerts, tour schools and make records. Don, a Renaissance dance master, comes complete with dancing instructions.

Perhaps the best known group in the field, the popular Haggis fiddlers, seek rural excitement for their Renaissance entertainments, which include readings and very contemporary as well as ancient reel dance.

Some "serious" practitioners reside at any nation of the Haggis, rather



Medieval instruments, left to right—lute, harp, sackbut, cary pipe

like an English professor asked to "play" James Macmillan for the wedding, while some Haggis have done sterling service for Renaissance music—and for the nuclear family—in three overseas tours of Canada and Europe over the past 30 years. The parents, Leslie and Margaret, shepherd much of the music. Andrew is the composer/arranger, Jennifer, Ian and Paul concentrate on their instruments (everyone plays at least five). Leslie was

once a bare player under Sir Thomas Beecham and Margaret's music teacher, but the children, in their teens and early 20s, have grown up under Beecham and Beecham's music. And if nostalgia plays a part as much as a priority as entertainment as on previous ventures, that hardly seems to less than sufficient.

Probably new ensembles will spring up over the next few years, master workshops for performers are drawing increasing numbers of participants. One day the early music repertory will peak, but there's no sign of that yet. ☐

A yeoman's call to arms

Robin Allen Sinclair is a one-man medieval military education center. In The Crossbowman's Den, as he calls his workshop in Gibsons, 25 miles north of Vancouver, there is a well-stocked arsenal of longbows, crossbows, helmets, tunics, and chainmail. He even wears sword, bilboast, shield, chainmail and armor. He made it of his own volition, and has enough to equip a small troop of yeoman foot and bow. And just to be complete, the armor is in a hand-crafted or common hall in the baronet's age hall to be maintained and repaired. The hour though I might rob a bank or something with it. Mind you, add the proud 42-year-old member, it does make a hell of a bang.

Although it is outlawed on the B.C. frontier by law, he is really the perfect man-at-arms, what with the West Coast turn of his native England, the double-breasted men, his shoulder length hair and beard, and that storied—crossbowman's call—as he calls it, showing the bowstring back by holding the bow in his hand. The crossbow is his favorite weapon: he has been using them since he was 15, and he's still using them. He's a collector and a student of history. Although most men are crossbowmen, he's the only production crossbow maker in



Shooting with a crossbow in Gibsons, B.C.: nothing matches the fun of founary

North America who crafts them without any pre-fabricated parts—He finds the metal parts himself and carves the wood his crossbows, which sell for \$500 have such

names as Palatin, Lancelot, Merlin and Niven and are bought mostly by Americans in the North American crossbow championships held in America five years. 12-year-old Neil Nelson, also from Gibsons, amazed his competitors by winning the hand-shot championship in his first attempt with one of Allen-Sinclair's Vintels.

Allen-Sinclair, nothing matches the fun of good old medieval warfare, becoming increasingly popular across the continent. There he can do his share and play a part on which is brightly painted a crossbow with a broken bow. Nelson's 15-pounds has a society. The White Tower, which staged a full-scale tournament, his advent with archery, sword fights, various leading medieval costumes for all and confidently come home as the army of France.

But this type of hand-to-hand combat is not for the faint-hearted, or for those who would wear modern protection or use talon weapons as most medieval weapons do. It is not my idea of medieval fighting is hand-to-hand. Allen-Sinclair says, "fencing on bulky arms." It takes an authenticity, his sword, shield and armor have the necks and do not give it. Though he himself seems entirely whole, he doesn't have any injury though. He adds, "nearly anybody. Somebody usually gets in first but there's blood on the floor." Mark Rodgers

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- 1972 Garney Bentley, Hamilton
- 1971 Jon Jackson, Winnipeg
- 1970 Ron Lancaster, Saskatchewan
- 1969 Ray Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ed Symons, Toronto
- 1967 Peter Lister, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Arnold Coleman, Calgary
- 1963 Ron Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Jackie Dixon, Montreal
- 1961 Bernie Falaris, Montreal
- 1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1959 Jackie Bright, Edmonton
- 1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
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- 1956 Ed Pennington, Montreal
- 1955 Pat Abraham, Montreal
- 1954 Sam Richardson, Montreal
- 1953 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1978 Ray Norton, B.C.
- 1977 John Belton, Calgary
- 1976 Wayne Barrie, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Barrie, Calgary
- 1974 John Belton, Edmonton
- 1973 Neil Robinson, Ottawa
- 1972 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
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- 1968 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
- 1967 Neil Robinson, Ottawa
- 1966 Wayne Barrie, Calgary
- 1965 Wayne Barrie, Calgary
- 1964 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1962 John Barrow, Edmonton
- 1961 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1960 Herb Gryn, Winnipeg
- 1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1958 Don Logan, Calgary
- 1957 Keno Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1956 Keno Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1955 Tex Goffard, Montreal

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- 1978 Jim Gault, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1976 Don Vaughan, Montreal
- 1975 Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1974 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1978 Dave Farrell, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Kelly, Edmonton
- 1976 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1975 Jim Corbett, Toronto
- 1974 John Nelson, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1978 Jim Pappalardo, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Bright, B.C.
- 1976 John Schmitt, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Clements, Ottawa
- 1974 Sam Craythorn, Toronto
- 1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Kelly, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1978 Tony Gilmour, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gilmour, Ottawa
- 1976 Tony Gilmour, Ottawa
- 1975 Jon Foley, Ottawa
- 1974 Tony Gilmour, Hamilton
- 1973 Gerry Goggin, Ottawa
- 1972 Jon Young, B.C.
- 1971 Tony Gilmour, Montreal
- 1970 Jon Young, B.C.
- 1969 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968 Ken Norton, Winnipeg
- 1967 Tony Gilmour, Calgary
- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 Zeno Karcz, Hamilton
- 1964 Tony Grant, Hamilton
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 Henry Wyles, Calgary
- 1961 Tim Fawcett, Calgary
- 1960 Ron Stewart, Ottawa
- 1959 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
- 1958 Ken Howard, Hamilton
- 1957 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1956 Norman Kewen, Edmonton
- 1955 Maurice Kewen, Edmonton
- 1954 Gerry Jones, Winnipeg



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Frontlines

Music for kids with the glint of gold



By Constance Bresenden

On their first album cover, they're swimming on their latest, surrounded by kids and food, they're still grinning from ear to ear. They never forget to link hands before swinging into their first song of a performance and afterward they stand cheerfully for hours, autographing albums. If Sharon, Lois and Bram didn't really mean it when they say they love what they do, they could be downright miserable. As it is, they're shining as bright as any Canadian kid.

In just more than a year, these three former music instructors from Toronto have gone from nowhere to the top-of-the-pop in the children's recording in-

dustry. And if they smile outrageously on their albums, it's not only because their first, *One Elephant Does Elephant*, went "gold" (with sales of more than 50,000 in 11 months) or that their second, *Swampdoodle*, recently released at 60,000 copies, went gold after six weeks. It's also because after 40 combined years of playing and singing, Sharon, Lois and Bram took a gamble on borrowed money—and it has paid off.

Since *One Elephant* was released in September, 1979, the trio, along with perennial BHJ Usher, 33, has been hitting out songs for kids that even adults can't resist. Whether it's 28-year-old Brian Morrison's slyly teasing *Candy Man/Silly Dog* or Lois Libenstein, 32, and Sharon Hampson, 28, in an endearingly jumpy rendition of *Cherry*, the four have a magical way with children's music. They per-



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Frontlines

form together with such enthusiasm and naturalness that they seem to have been at it all their lives. Yet, until a year and a half ago, the idea of playing as a group had never even entered their minds.

Back in the early '60s, Sharon Hampson and Brian Morrison were fiddlers, working the coffeehouse circuit of Toronto as solo performers. Both turned to teaching when the folk music bubble burst.

Lois, a classical pianist, came late, and accidentally, into the children's music fold. In 1966, having let her training lapse, she was asked by her son's ex-sister-in-law to play the piano, and began exploring the folk music repertory. Eventually she began working with Sharon, who was teaching through a local folk series called Mariposa in the Schools (MITS), and Bill, an occasional MITS performer.

When the four came met, something "creative" happened, says Bill. Each had a musical specialty and Bill, as a former free-lance CBC radio producer, knew how to put it all together. "There was a need for more good music for kids," says Brian. "We decided to try and satisfy it by making an album."

At the time, in January, 1978, the only other children's performers selling well were the extremely popular Raffi (whose three combined albums, since 1976, have sold almost 200,000 copies) and songwriter Randy Offenberg. But before the quartet could smelt their sweet bubble gum scent of success, there was the problem of financing. As an untethered group with many a performance together under their instruments, they knew they would never get a record company to produce them. Undaunted, they decided to start their own, Elephant Records, and started to family and friends for the cash to rent studios, hire musicians and pay for a pressing. A total of \$22,000 from 24 investors went into their gamble on 5,000 copies of *One Elephant/Three Children*.

The records hit Toronto music stores in September, 1978, and the lid blew off. Within three weeks, all 5,000 copies had been snatched up by enthusiastic parents. By Christmas, after a busy repressing, 27,000 copies had been sold. The performers began doing concerts, not yet committed to being a group but eager to promote the album. Then, in January of this year, Sharon received a phone call from Chris Watson, director of the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. Watson's invitation to play at the annual International Festival for Young People heated by the city, coming up in May. "That was the beginning of a sense of us being a group," recalls

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Frontlines

Shawn. "There wasn't even time for things to settle in."

What had already settled in—and in a large measure, it explains their success—was their unshakable belief that what's good for kids in the same so what's good for adults. Blending playground games with camp songs, old-time favorites and African and Caribbean rhythms, Shawn, Loni and Bram do not succumb to their listeners.

"We aimed for a technical quality that was as good as we could make it," says Bill, who produced both of the group's albums, "so that whether the parents went into Conway Twitty or Joe Jackson, they wouldn't find our music embarrassing." The four share the philosophy on their albums, which they call "children's records for the whole family." And on *Shogunhead*, their "whole family" appears to be getting in on the act. On top of musical arrangements by Shawn's husband, folk-singer Joe Kampman, there's her 13-year-old son, Geoffrey, and 10-year-old daughter, Rachel, singing camp songs Bill's father joins in for verses of *Parker Papered the Parlor*, with Bill's sister in for the chorus. Then there's Bill's grandfather doing a solo turn on *Don Don't Be Dirty Old Man*.

"I call it mind-blowing music," says Loni. "I don't mean to sound presumptuous but what Pete Seeger does with adults—he could get an audience to stand on its head if he asked—we want to do with children."

Since their creative start, Shawn, Loni, Bram and Bill have been featured in two TV specials, one for CTV and a second for CBC. There's also their third TV special, *Jungle Jam*, for the CBC, now in the works with a tentative spring air date. *Shogunhead* is also being launched a major Canadian TV promotion campaign for *Shogunhead* this fall and will do the same in the U.S. starting in February, while G. Schirmer, the New York music publisher, will soon be printing songbooks of their material. Bill has also recently produced two children's albums by other performers.

If there is an occasional lament, it's that success, however naturally it has come, interferes with family life. "I had a date with my husband last night," says Shawn wistfully. "We went to the movies... sometimes it feels as if I never get to see him." But for Bram, their busy schedule hasn't deterred him from his own marriage plans. In February, he'll be taking a month off for his honeymoon a month away from guitars and songbooks and girlfriends and TV specials. As he told the kids at a recent recording session "I can hardly wait." ☐

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Frontlines

The making of a senator

It is to be regretted that Canada's media newspapers continue to deal in stereotypes when reporting Canadian politics. The *Port-Dorval Photo Press* (in, Sept. 30). The Senate is an excellent case in point, as is the wide treatment of Joe Clark's first appointees to the Senate. For example, I think Lowell Murray is a great Canadian who has much to contribute to Canada. Perhaps the best measure of this kind of reporting is the totally inaccurate assertion that I was appointed to the Senate by Pierre Trudeau, rather than Lester Pearson.

JOHN DORVILLE, DAVENPORT, ONT.

In your article you seem to imply that it was Pierre Trudeau who appointed Liberal campaign chief Keith Dewar to the Senate. Nothing could be further from the truth. According to the Canadian Parliamentary Guide, Senator Dewar was appointed to the Senate on Feb. 24, 1966, when the late Lester Pearson was prime minister. Trudeau wasn't even a cabinet minister, let alone an obscure back-bencher at the time of Senator Dewar's appointment.

IAN R. MERTY, SAUNDRA, ONT.

Mistaken identity

In your article concerning comedian Cheong and Chang, Lewin on a *Clash of Sorels* (Oct. 22), Tommy Chang is quoted as saying "Being Canadian is a lot like being Polish." He also says that he would never work in Canada. Considering the many fine performers

who have made themselves known throughout the world as Canadian, I find it unbelievable that Cheong feels it necessary to forge an image as a Canadian to "make it in the big time." Canadian fans are so appreciative as they, and Cheong should stop treating his nationality as a liability and start realizing its assets.

GREGO COLEMAN, VANCOUVER

Oswald, Jewish soldiers

In your recent article on Norman Jewison, *Jewison Sheds for the Truth* (Oct. 29), you state that he was the target of "Jewish-Soviet" attacks because of his "Jewish-sounding" name. I happened to be living in Israel when he was filming *Jonestown* and you may be interested to note that the Israeli I met was also flabbergasted to think that a man named Jewison should be a Christian. "Why not," they asked him, "change your name to Christensen and become a Jew?"

BARBARA, OTTAWA

Sense and sensibility

I was appalled to read the following statement made by Maureen O'Neill, co-ordinator of the government's Status of Women office: "I want to establish that we are not some special interest group limited to with the lame, the blind and the blind. I want our overseas part of social and economic policy at the highest levels" (*The Women's Work Is Getting Done*, Oct. 29). O'Neill shows an incredible insensitivity to physically disabled people. They are making efforts—not to be a "special group"—but citizens with equal rights and assets. She also shows a lack of awareness of the root of many problems faced by



Chong: our fans are so appreciative and warm.

women, disabled people or any minority group. One of the worst things that can happen with any social change issue is for one group to gain ground at the expense of another group. O'Neill's statement is an outrageous example of this. She should not, in any opinion, be involved in any equal opportunity campaigns because she has missed the basis of all of them.

ALDEMAN AND JENNIFER GREENMAN, MARYBOROUGH, ONT. (THE EDITORIAL AND EDITORIAL BOARD)

As a physically disabled person I was appalled at the insensitivity displayed by a senior federal civil servant who purports to be primarily concerned with human rights issues. The insidious type of phrase employed by Ms. O'Neill is matched by the attitude towards the disabled it implies. The disabled are not rights as a "special interest group," only the same rights enjoyed freely by able-bodied Canadians. If O'Neill truly meant what she said and what it implies she should realize, if she did not she should, at least, apologize publicly to the disabled community she is so arrogantly insulting.

L. S. THOROUGH, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, YORK UNIVERSITY, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

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Frontlines

A different tune

In regard to Allan Fotheringham's enlightening column *In Which the Scribbler Haddies on the Floor*, *Watches a Master and Thinks of a Nether* (Oct. 28) on the Tredwell-Bhutta show, we should remember that Frank also enjoys the tune *Let Me Try Again*.

BARRY ADAMSON GARYVILLE, ONT.

Secret agonies

I read with great interest your excellent cover story *The Full Kill* (Oct. 28). I hope you will follow this one with *The Winter Kill*, complete with a cover photograph of a riotous or lynx in a high-wind trap. Most Canadians are aware of the terrible animal suffering that supports our fur industry. Winter trapping brings in more than 10 million animals to lingering, agonizing deaths in steel leg-hold traps. There has been no public outcry because these animals die simply on lonely trappings, their agony a secret between them and the trapper.

ELIZABETH DICKSON, GUYANA

Our wildlife population doesn't require the services of hunters to repopulate its numbers. Nature is quite capable of maintaining equilibrium, and is a much more just manner than that of those "sportsmen," who, it appears, all too often misjudge their targets, thus condemning thousands of undeserving animals to a slow, painful death.

GEORGE SHEPPARD/CORLEA,
OWAS, N.S.

Fully expecting to read another typical article "knock the buster/bentire" article, it was a pleasant surprise to find the piece otherwise.

G.J. CONNELLY, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Disconnection

I was delighted to see Terry Paulsen's excellent article *Winning the Battle of Independence* (Oct. 28), on Nielsen-Perns. This generous company in Canadian independent television production was overvalued for recognition, having done so much to bring quality programming to Canadian and world audiences. I must, however, point out that while we enjoyed the great advantage of having Dick Nielsen working with us on *Comedians*, the series as a program, the program was a co-production between the CMC and Nielsen Communications, not Nielsen-Perns.

WILLIAM MACADAM, PRESIDENT,
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MISSISSAUGA NIGHTMARE

By Warren Gerard

The nightmare was finally over. The terrifying threat that Mississauga would be engulfed by deadly, suffocating chlorine gas had ended. The spreading, billion-man conspiracy in Metropolitan Toronto's western border had been pronounced safe for company. That word came down, joyfully, in the early evening last Friday. An emergency crew had succeeded at last in draining almost all the remaining liquid chlorine from a tanker that was ruptured in a horrific train crash almost a week earlier. The displaced thousands of Mississauga could resume their normal lives.

For most of the six days and five nights of the crisis, the southern third of Mississauga was an angry, crippled municipality. The evacuation began in the early hours of Sunday, Remembrance Day, and by the end of that day 250,000 residents of Mississauga and another 3,000 from the adjacent community of Oakville had fled their homes. They sought shelter with friends, relatives, in motels, hotels, and at evacuation centres. They had been rescued from their beds, ordered from their homes, told to abandon their jobs, businesses, their very way of life. Unsurpassed of the enormity of the threat to their safety, some didn't leave willingly. The police left them no choice. "Get the hell out of here," was the way at least one officer was putting it. Mississauga was closed.

It was a calm, eerily exact, involving twice the population of Prince Edward Island or four times as many who

led the Three Mile Island nuclear accident in Pennsylvania last March. And on Saturday, the last 35,000 displaced residents, those whose homes were nearest to the crash site, returned

called Maria. A night second earlier, John and Lyane Riddell heard something crash through their backyard only 50 feet from the trucks. It was a red-hot part of railway car wheels. "My father-in-law went four floors over with a garden hose to get it out," Riddell said. "It was obviously what led to the derailment."

Ron and Kay Duber were sitting in their Lincoln Continental at the intersection. "My wife said, 'It's a short train,'" Duber recalls. "Then we noticed it wasn't short. We thought there was a fire at the end. One of the cars had derailed." Duber tried to back up but couldn't. Then he tried to turn the car around but drove it into a ditch. At that point the sky suddenly turned crimson.

"We ran the blues with this incredible billowing fire chasing us," he said. "We ran up the road three-quarters of a mile and we were all by ourselves." Mrs. Duber had left her \$40,000 car inside the car. The train was on fire but the flames seemed to be subsiding. They started to make their way back to the car. Then a policeman came along and told them to run. "There was a tremendous explosion," said Duber. "We both fell to our knees."

A few blocks away at the Fairview Road station, a firefighter heard the explosion and looked out the window. The sky had turned red and flames "I knew right off it's a biggie," he recalls. There was no panic. This is an experienced fire department. It has handled air disasters at Toronto International Airport and a mammoth gas explosion a decade ago.

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A propane leak car blows up, observed a firefighter. "I knew right off it's a biggie."

house. It was an incredible week for them, a week of anxiety, fear, frustration and, in the end, anger. It all began at 12:56 p.m. on Nov. 28 at the railway tracks intersecting a road



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE



Sleeping away from the chlorine danger at Toronto's International Centre, aerial view of the wreck, gas-mashed politicians escape a car. Rail seemed curiously Canadians.

The news came quickly. A 106-ton freight train had derailed. It was carrying explosive and poisonous chemicals. Tankers continued to explode. "I thought it might be a spaceship from another galaxy," said 13-year-old Wayne Gitzman, whose family lives close to the crash site.

Immediately after the train derailed, Larry Krupa, a 27-year-old trainman (see box), ran like a madman into a "crust ball of fire" and uncoiled the train where it had derailed. He got back to the locomotive and, conveniently, his father-in-law, Keith Press, a 60-year-old CP engineer, got the rest of the train "the hell out of there."

Unknown at the time, lying on the track, surrounded by prepackaged flames, was a tanker filled with 96 tons of liquid chlorine, the chemical that makes swimming pools smell (and safer) and the deadly gas that killed thousands on the battlefields of France in the First World War.

But the prospect soon told the story. Chlorine, environmental ministry scientists estimated that 30 per cent of the greenish-yellow gas in the tanker was carried up about 4,800 feet into the atmosphere by the tremendous heat and upward at the time of the propane tanker explosion. Then it fell back to earth in massive concentrations over at least a 60-mile area. The scientists said it would harm no one and there were no reports that it had. But near the scene the suffocating gas quickly caused coughing, gagging and irritation of the eyes. Inhalation of large doses can damage lung tissue, cause pulmonary edema, bronchitis, emphysema and, in extreme cases, death by asphyxiation.

As soon as Doug Barrow, the 47-year-old police chief of Mississauga, found out what he was dealing with, he ordered the evacuation of homes near the crash site. The events that followed were unprecedented in North America. And through it all, not one life was lost. Calls were unanswered. There was a quarantine about what happened. It all seemed curiously Canadian.

Every available freighter and policeman in the city was called in. Calls for help went out to the Metropolitan Toronto police force, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Ontario Provincial Police. Extra men and equipment were sent to the scene by fire departments in surrounding municipalities and from the nearby airport, but through it all Mississauga firemen were able to control the nightmare blaze alone.

The evacuated area quickly expanded.

Police went from door to door in the early hours of Sunday morning. Remembrance Day, waking up residents, telling them to leave. They were directed to "safe" rescue areas, one of them being the massive shopping centre, Square One. But the thousands who had gathered there during the night were told to move again. The shifting wind was sending the leaking chlorine their way.

High stakes in a deadly game

On this week good that the Message (train) would be a catastrophe. Certainly, the wreck was stacked. With an average of 300 derailments a year, Canada has an unreasonable record for such wrecks. Derailments are the cause for much of the two million metric tons of acids, poisons and other hazardous materials that have been spilled in Canada during the past two years. Such incidents—or reports of them—are up 51 per cent this decade, although rail traffic has increased only 35 per cent.

So far there have been no deaths in Canada, unlike the U.S. where a propane tanker exploded last year in Waverly, Tennessee, instantly killing five people. Seven others died slowly in hospital from burns in Youngstown, Florida, chlorine gas escaping from a derailed tank car choked the motors of passing cars. Eight people who were trapped breathed the gas, seized their lungs and died in 1970, the explosion of a rail tanker full of chlorine killed four at Niagara Falls, N.Y. So the odds were high that this time the deadly game was up for Canadians.

Messagemen had luck. Not without getting their backs. Even as they huddled last Tuesday night, many gun—but safety was never compromised. John McGeer, chairman of the Canadian Transport Commission's Rail Safety Advisory Committee was busy telling the Commons Transport Committee: "Canada is reaching a danger point in rail safety."

Megan's warning was the latest reminder at a Senate session. Canadian University professor J.A.M. Lakshminarayana was in the 1972 book *The Railway Game* that one-third of the CRTC's equipment inspectors were turning up safety deficiencies. Lakshminarayana also poorly mentioned "look, nothing's wrong. It's not even weight—up to 30 tons per car. Compared with 10 or 17 in France, Britain and Japan."

The week as message progress to join the five-man Message crisis inquiry team due to begin hearings Dec. 4, governments are scrambling to increase the number of hazardous materials inspectors. Message Mayor Hazel McCallion has said that she is "appalled by the lack of regulations."

Message's Assistant Editor James Fleming recalls that the blast shook the 12-story apartment building where he and his wife, Chris, and their baby, Sarah, live. They did nothing until morning. But after learning of the night's events, Fleming called the police. He was told that he lived on the fringe of the evacuated area. The police officer seemed nervous.

"I don't like the sound of his voice,"

which permitted Train 54 to carry a concentration and combination of propane, butane, crude oils, ethylene and toxic solvents as well as chlorine. In an emergency response to the Mississauga incident, British Rail last week asked a directive that no train may carry both toxic and flammable goods. Other Toronto-area mayors, alerted to the fact that more than 1,000 toxic tons of hazardous materials are routinely loaded through the region each week, are clamoring for mandatory and detailed notification of the approach of such convoys. Mississauga we supported to delay the shipment of goods now—but they



Military and Ontario Provincial Police Deputy Commissioner James Enright inspect chlorine car. "Is chemical in train?"

didn't tell freighters whether deadly polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) were aboard the 106-ton train—as was easily learned—or did they provide information about the order in which the cars were coupled.

The rail power to tighten regulations and accident reporting (which is voluntary and therefore, chipping irregular) rests in a muddled mess of federal and provincial jurisdiction. Ottawa is expected to present and the provinces are supposed to enforce and give-up. Ottawa has awarded with the problem for a decade. Finally this week, Prime Minister Joe Clark seemed to take legislation to regulate dangerous goods. Chlorine, inherited a "chemical in train" will become "dangerous" but Ottawa's precedent-setting

Flaming recalls, "he was three men clothes into a suitcase and went to his parents' house in Oakville. We could smell the chlorine." About 11:30 that night, police told them to leave that part of Oakville, which neighbors Mississauga on the west. This time they went north to Collingwood.

It was that way for many of Mississauga's residents. They went to stay with relatives, friends, at hotels, ho-

tel "Spice Inn," which would have placed absolute liability for cleanup and compensation on the companies involved, has been broken by strong lobbying particularly from the chemical and rail industries.

Post-Message, hindsight accuses William Straton, CP Rail's executive vice-president, admits that one of the electronic scanning devices in common railway use had been installed on train 54 and sent him through it would have detected a "methane" (overheated axle-bearing) which is one of the common causes of derailment. Delving why derailments keep happening is a job for Environment Can-

ada's self computer program, with the National Analysis of Trends in Emergencies (NATE) and/or says human error—the cause for examples of the replacement in New Brunswick last September at a coal-burner at Canada's 1980 action report 1980 to blame the loss after three simple national and equipment failure.

Bill Glen is spokesman for Pollution Probe, comments "What is truly the latest revealed chlorine. It's one of the 100 to 200 per cent of the 100,000 industrial chemicals currently being transported across North America whose properties and toxicity are unknown. What if last week's spill had involved chemicals about which little is known?" The information gaps revealed by Messagemen are terrifying. It would appear that the governments who produce and process industrial materials haven't even been playing with a full deck.

Val Raso



ties, at the various "safe" centres. Three hospitals were evacuated and more than 1,500 patients were relocated in other hospitals. Hundreds of ambulances were involved in the moves. Some patients were still attached to intravenous tubes. One baby was only 2½ hours old. Elders were moved from senior citizens' homes. In all, an estimated 226,000 residents had left the city by Sunday night. The demerol city was deserted. It was eerie, strange, something more believable between the covers of Neville Martin's *On the Beach* than on the streets of Mississauga.

Yet some stayed. Willie Wilson, a small, grey-haired woman, said she and the other four members of her family heard the loudspeakers warning them to leave. "Why didn't they?" I don't know," she said. "We just decided to stay. I didn't feel it was that important."

Russ (Lucky) Harris, a 40-year-old retired transport driver, was on his way for some sausage buns in the Credit River early Sunday when he was stopped by a policeman. "The cop said, 'You're not going to do my fishing today. Get the hell out of here.' " In his opinion, the police were out of Mississauga because he had fished too much. He decided to return and was stopped again. "The cop said as I should park this car, I asked him where else he said, 'Follow me.' " Harris spent the

night outside the police station. The next morning he awoke to a knock on the door of his manager. "I opened it and there was a cop standing with a plate of bacon and eggs. Beautiful."

Animal lovers fristed about their pets and, in some cases, their carpets as the evacuation became prolonged. On Tuesday, Red Cross officials were helping a worried resident rescue his starving cat. But when the volunteers went to the owner's home they found that the cat had food for one meal—a former bearded hamster, a canary. By Wednesday, however, the Ontario Humane Society had moved in to feed an estimated 10,000 dogs, cats, gerbils and other creatures in the city.

As the work slowly went on, it became a waiting game. The problem was stopping the leak in the ruptured chlorine tanker. It couldn't be sealed off entirely, but the small quantity of gas that was still seeping on Tuesday prompted Queen's Attorney-General Roy McMurtry, the boss at the scene, to announce that 150,000 evacuees could return home. The threat of further fires was ended Wednesday when cleanup crews drained the tank of the explosive propane from other wrecked cars. But as the same day, there were two explosions from the chlorine tanker which sent flames of poisonous gas high into the air, knocking one worker off his feet.

The gas cloud hung over the scene and the wind eventually blew it north over Lake Ontario. The most of it lingered in Mississauga all that night.

The evacuation centre began to close. CP Rail was paying hotel bills, presumably getting a reduced rate for 300 evacuees at its own Royal York Hotel in downtown Toronto where the management was providing "clean new underwear to the ladies." After all, the hotel was celebrating its 50th birthday. Yet by Thursday, the remaining evacuees were leaving their parents with the emergency crews. Though eight deaths were overcome by a lingering fog of chlorine gas, some made up money cannot be paid just yet. By Friday, many were lining up at the homeless awaiting the word to go home.

It was all over by 8 p.m. Friday when the all-clear was given for the remaining 30,000 or more residents to return to their homes. Overnight and during the morning, most of the chemicals had been drained from the tanker.

The evacuees for most accidents were lost time and lost money. It was estimated that at least \$4.5 million in residential, commercial and shipped goods and professional services was lost each day of the emergency. Some lawyers believe that individual claims could reach \$50 a piece.

This week-end claim forms are available at all major banks as the city is asking for receipts.

on the truck. Suddenly only a short distance from where he was working, another two cars exploded. He saw the job. The head was being lifted. He would only say:

"It was awful. I wanted to know what it cost." Pruss recalled. "He wasn't hurt. There was blood on his face. He felt terrible and wouldn't have done that. He is the boy who deserves the credit. If he didn't do that, more than half of Mississauga would have gone up."

Meanwhile, in the engine cab Pruss was in communication with a CP Rail dispatcher who told him to get the train out of the area. Just then a fourth car went "straight into the air." Pruss moved the front end of the train at all possible speeds to Creditville. "It was a very powerful, powerful, powerful, powerful explosion of propane tank exploding."

I figured at the moment, what all the crossings were burned to hell. I was told to get the hell out of there and run, and I have run away. Later he found that he was killed. "It was a miracle and I thank God for that."

The next night Pruss was back on the truck, driving a train south to the area that desisted in Mississauga back to London, but by a different route. "The night we did do that all the time, it is a kind of a riding a bike. You get back on and ride again, or you won't do it."

Warren General

The Nation

A show of power from King Peter

By Robert Lewis

Joe Clark's attitude with the press on an energy was drawing to a close when Peter Lougheed emerged from the 97's book-lined study after making a telephone call. The lights flickered—then went out. If Lougheed was innocent of the blackout in the House of Commons, two days later in Saskatoon he was the direct cause of the darkness that descended on Clark's hope for a settlement last week of a new energy package. In a week of muffled bitterness and confrontation between Clark and the Alberta premier, so much of verbal gymnastics could obscure the depths of the split in the new prime minister Clark's business of a new energy deal with the provinces were in government. Indeed, Clark's deal with the provinces may be months away. Finance Minister John Crosbie described prospects for accord as "a remote hope" and declared his intention that, even without new oil revenue, he would go ahead with a budget. He said, "I can't wait any longer," he vowed, rebuffing Ottawa's impatience with Lougheed's reluctance to move.

The discussion about how to drive up a multi-billion-dollar program that will flow from meeting Canadian provinces and world levels is now back on the drawing boards in the book rooms. When the shades are finally lifted, the dawn will reveal more than the still new tariff for Canadian resources at the province. It will confirm a resurgent Peter Lougheed as the new national power broker, with the province-based influence to play a major role in shaping the Canadian economy in the 1990s. If the Clark is to have his "fresh face as federal one," Peter Lougheed will wield the sword.

Two entrenched issues are the rise of the price hike—\$1.40 to \$5 per barrel—and who gets how much from increased revenues on oil and gas, which is now pegged at 85 per cent of the oil equivalent price.

The numbers on the table are staggering. A Calgary oilfield, partially owned by \$1 billion, invested in \$400 billion, would stand as tall as the 44-story Tower in downtown Calgary. A \$40 boost per barrel (\$30 additional, which Ottawa favors, would generate roughly \$60 billion more in oil and gas revenues between 1980 and 1990—enough to build four new oil sands plants. Under the existing tax and royalty regime, the province shares 11 of



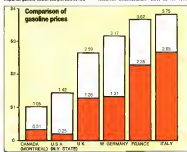
Clark and Clark of the Ottawa conference table: a multi-billion-dollar business

industry's \$9.5-billion operating income last year was 45 per cent for \$4.3 billion. The corporations, largely foreign-owned, took 44 per cent (\$4.1 billion) while the federal take was only 34 per cent (\$3.5 billion). Fully 30 per cent of Alberta's share goes into the Heritage

Fund, an investment savings account which, by next March, will stand at a staggering \$6.2 billion. A 44 per cent increase in 1980 and 1985 could create a fund of \$60 billion, with additional provincial revenues of \$25 billion.

King Peter, understandably, has big plans for using the revenues from depleting oil reserves to secure a better future for his sprawling followers—and he suggests that all Canadians will be indirect beneficiaries. But, as he told

Regular traded gas in Canadian dollars per equivalent gallon, first of its portion in red



'You get back on and ride again'

Engineer Keith Pruss was in the middle of a nightmare. It was his final hours. It was just his final hours back into it had visions of all these horses being engulfed.

Only seconds after the 108-car freight train—clay, highly explosive and poisonous chemicals, including propane and chlorine—had derailed. At the time Pruss didn't know what had happened. He didn't even know the train had come off the tracks. He knew only that it had stopped. And he knew what was coming.

Linked Larry if the warning to try to lose the other tankers. "You don't have to build you want to have a crack at it, you can." Larry Pruss, 27, was Pruss's trainman and, incidentally, the 51-year-old engineer's son-in-law. Pruss is a shy man not given to many words. Gray hair as he said:

Pruss became a hero that night. Pruss said his son-in-law was his closest friend. He would not see again—separated from the locomotive and faced into the great ball of fire. As he did, an explosion rocked Mississauga, was heard 30 miles



Pruss and trainman Pruss. It was worse!

away, and a giant tanker was hurtled into the sky. "When he assigned his train and it was found that the train had derailed. It was heard the 32nd car. He started yelling to evacuate the cars that were still standing

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Leitch (foreground) with Loughheed, Clark and Housley in Saskatoon 'who gets it'?

McMahon in a Calgary interview late last Friday (see box). "It won't be an economy dominated by Ontario. It will be a different country at the end of the next decade—but a very strong country, particularly in economic terms relative to the United States."

Beneath Loughheed's fierce commitment to a strong Alberta three is, as well, a thinly veiled determination not to bow to Clark. A decade ago Clark worked as a lowly aide to Loughheed and ran for the Conservative leadership only after Loughheed opted not to seize the job that was his for the announcing. In private, Loughheed reportedly dismisses Clark as a lightweight. "No comment," says the premier; and there is no doubt that personal power is a major source of his single-mindedness. "As Mackenzie shows," notes one veteran of the regime, "no politician ever surrenders his power—it can only be taken away."

Loughheed reacted in the manner of the black belly—and Clark like a victim—when Ottawa last week revealed its plans to impose a "self-sufficiency tax" at the wellhead—30 per cent of incremental revenues—above a \$2 price hike per barrel. Ottawa proposed that Alberta get 45 per cent and the companies only five per cent. Over four years, Ottawa planned to channel 25 per cent of the take (or \$300 million) to a new Canadian energy bank, the funds to be used, Peter Coady-revived style, to "Canadianize" the industry and to encourage exploration. Ottawa also plans to impose a 10- to 15-cent levy on each gallon of gasoline, now among the cheapest in the world (see graph).

The assumption is that the windfall of more than \$1 billion will be used to meet the government's campaign promises. Loughheed flatly rejected the self-sufficiency tax on his return to Edmonton. "Federal tax measures," he argued in defence of provincial ownership under the British North America Act, "cannot be designed as a means of shoring up resource revenues which belong to the people of Alberta." Instead, said the premier, the feds should tax company profits—after Alberta has taken its results.

In an encounter with reporters during a two-day western escape, Clark made out that a profits tax was what he had in mind all along. But he and his stumbling energy minister, Roy MacLachlan, were not convincing as they fled from a meeting with Loughheed and his energy minister, Merv Leitch, in a dirty, under-the-table deal in Saskatoon. Most experts, including federal officials, doubt that Ottawa can raise the same amounts from a profits tax—certainly not as readily—if only because companies are past masters at reducing their income through generous federal and provincial exploration incentives, and depletion allowances. Some, such as Shell, don't pay any tax at all. At week's end, Coady seemed closer to candor when he admitted that without a tax of the kind favored by Ottawa, Clark's goal of self-sufficiency by 1990 may have to be abandoned.

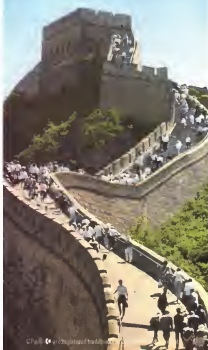
With the crisis in less entering its second chilling week, Clark did manage

to rally support on other fronts. Most premiers backed his push for a phased increase to world price (now \$25.79 per barrel) landed at Montreal, versus \$13.70 for Canadian oil. The PM hardly needed to warn of the dangers of Canada's growing dependence on imported oil (\$1.8 billion last year) and the \$300-million tab for subsidizing the price of those imports at Canadian price levels. Without a change in the status quo, imports of 274,000 barrels per day in 1978 could rise to 600,000 barrels per day by 1985. But higher prices also will mean more inflation, unemployment and, according to the Economic Council of Canada, another \$1 billion in the federal deficit in six years if the price goes up \$4 per barrel. Clark countered that "there are more immediate losses than winners from the oil price increases." But he added "Unless we act today, everyone loses tomorrow." There were no vocal protests to other measures Clark unveiled.

• A \$116-million subsidy on oil burned in Atlantic Canada to produce costly electricity, the project of using the energy bank to fund extension of a pipeline to the East Coast for Alberta gas and incentives to gas companies to expand their markets east of Toronto.

• Conservative programs of \$1.2 billion, including restoration of the previous government's home insulation program (CIRP), which Clark saw plans to turn over to the provinces.

Ontario Premier Bill Davis emerged as the new supplanter of the crown at the conference, the first four hours of which were televised mainly for him to



be seen mounting a defence of Ontario industry and politicians. Davis said that "an excessive and imprudent" \$4-per-litre hike in price and an excise tax on gasoline would "ruin" \$750 from the province's \$1-billion "Canada" investment fund. The federal gas excise had been nothing more (and an excuse to raise billions of new tax dollars for general government purposes). Worst, the planned increases "risk a historical recession" and threaten to join Ontario's economic engine.

It was Peter Lougheed who captured the delicate new attitude of Western Canadians when he dismissed Davis' pitch as "archaic" and "not in touch with stark reality." That is good Ontario premier, who happens to be a fellow

Conservative, could be placed-ship in public by Lougheed is testimony to Ontario's new subordination to petro power. British Columbia's Premier Bill Bennett went even further, calling, in effect, for a secession from Eastern Canada. "We must," he declared on the face of Canada's historic protection of regional economies, "give people to join, not jobs to people."

It was 192 years ago that North America's first oil well came on stream—in Oil Springs in Ontario, on land purchased by an American entrepreneur from a Canadian who couldn't make a go of his sticky "man bore." Nearly oil was discovered at Brantford

oil, which was promptly reserved. Petrolia, "the oil capital of Canada," that by the end of the decade, competition from American producers reduced prices and the Canadian began selling out among them. Imperial of Petrolia in Standard of New Jersey. Soon the oil was gone and, now, Petrolia might as well be called Brantford again. On Monday, when Jack Howard lunch for the premiere at St. Basil's, along with the pair. Chavastat he served a modest Ontario vintage which, with two changes in spelling, was an unnecessary reminder of Ontario's former petrology. The label was knotted in St. Basil's. For there, the only consolation is that it costs \$5,041.60 per barrel. ☐

Taking care of No. 1 in Alberta

The legislature he dominates from his second seat like a veteran warrior had just adjourned last week spring and his bill creating a \$300-million medical research foundation from proceeds of the Alberta Heritage Fund had sailed into law after a graceful charade of "pragmatism." A short-lived Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed was in his Calgary office, working to ease in his determination to extract the best possible deal from the federal government. His intention is to return on energy revenues, a percentage that clearly endures his role of the whole country's future, almost to the exclusion of everything else. The underlying issue for Lougheed is that the old oil is up. Extracts from a contemporary last week with Lougheed's Ontario Premier Chief Robert Lewis:

Muscatelli: If you modify your what and in what do you see for the province?

Lougheed: We look, for example, at the Heritage Fund today and we can see that the federal government could spend it up in about five weeks of current spending. It is only less per cent of the federal budget for this country. Being to dispend on the province's revenue for our budget, right or 10 years from now our successors will have a substantial time of adjustment. We'll always have the oil and the gas for our own supply needs but, in terms of using resources, it's vital to balance against oil programs, there will have to be an adjustment. The real purpose of the Heritage Fund is to permit that adjustment to go on in a more orderly manner over a period of years.

Muscatelli: How can the human level well change the province in the decade?

Lougheed: There is a recognition that we have a promise that is overly dependent now on the sale of unprocessed oil and



Lougheed: Ontario's 'great opportunity'

natural gas—and that can't go on. Hopefully as the province finds we are going to be able to create in a natural oil ways a greater diversification.

Muscatelli: Of course there will be more people, presumably and all of that is leading to much better life, even, than now?

Lougheed: We don't expect we will have large population growth—maybe larger than the Canadian average. We will never be a large population centre but private don't want that. They love the open spaces and the outdoors here and they don't want our lifestyle to change. We would hope that what we would have at a high technology society here is a green (oil) lifestyle for Canada.

Muscatelli: What are the benefits—direct or indirect—for the consuming provinces?

Lougheed: Surely it is an aspect of supply in the one country in the Western industrial

world. We've got the choice to do it in Canada. They don't in the United States. The precedent that the United States is under today (from her) has led to a causal oil crisis. Ontario and other provinces have to benefit in terms of good location in a North American economic mix. If they don't, they will have serious issues of energy. Surely Ontario if it looked with a longer term view, should be very excited about its future. It will not contain a large percentage of the manufacturing and it would be in a nation which is self-sufficient in oil during the 50s if Canada is prepared to make the effort to do so. Rather than being dependent, they should recognize the great opportunity to work in a close cooperation with the different regions of Canada. But they have to accept that it is going to be a different Canada.

Muscatelli: What is Alberta's concern about participation in a national energy strategy?

Lougheed: Well if they [Alberta] come in with a proposal where they would like to borrow from us at prevailing interest rates guaranteed by the Bank of Canada—and at the same time Hydro-Quebec could be involved in the oil refineries of the oil Canada Investment division and we'd certainly consider that. We should not be involved in an institution which is basically from an equity point of view not controlled by Alberta. We're in a better role and that is the role we should continue.

Muscatelli: Are you satisfied that the federal government can take the same amount of revenues from a tax on profits as it can from a tax on the wellhead?

Lougheed: I would answer that question. There is a matter of principle. If the provisions can be recovered, then there is a free market on resources. Then there is a free market on those resources by the federal government. If the federal government does not provide for the recovery of that profit, it is not a free market. If they supply they have to supply it. If they supply profits properly, they are going to have energy supply and energy self-sufficiency—but that is their decision.

Quebec

Togetherness 3, René Lévesque 0

For the dejected loyalists of a government that had legislated English into official culture, it was the crucible of times because frustrated organizers relied for more than an hour to past incoming returns from last Wednesday's by-elections. Parti Québécois campaign workers, crowding around a tiny yellow television set in the basement of an East End Montreal church, learned of their portents not from the only station to carry the early results—CBC's English-language CHQT.

Two of the three ridings lost to Claude Ryan's Liberals had been held by the PQ, including Sherbrooke, Massena, in the heart of working-class, French-speaking Montreal where the separatist party first took root. The sheer magnitude of the defeat—PQ votes plummeted from 60 per cent to 27 per cent in the riding—indicates that the provincial general election could see Premier René Lévesque's 10-year-old movement flail as spectacularly as it did yesterday in 1978 from an oasis to a TL. Explanations are plentiful. Decomposition of the Union Nationale means the Liberals no longer have support on the right as they did three years ago when the tie to the Liberal Party was a brief respite. The most critical cause of the continuing debacle—the PQ has lost all its by-elections since taking power and its majority has been lost. Now 65—may be within the party itself.

Party rallies are missing the optimistic self-assurance that once seemed to give the PQ a monopoly on Quebec's best and brightest in Massena riding Wednesday night and, more significantly, last month in the provincial election—last week's by-election results make Ryan look less like an Opposition leader than a premier-in-waiting. The Liberal leader told militant supporters in Massena riding that he had been waiting for this unequivocal proof of his



Ryan and Chaput-Rolland, an apprehended decline, followed by a fundamental reform

were so often that Lévesque obtained from interfering, did the party surprise by increasing its vote substantially. The day after the triple defeat, Lévesque lamented "the nearly manic depressive disorientation within our party." Whether it was pent-up or feigned, Lévesque showed uncharacteristic humility in interpreting the defeat, admitting that he government is suffering "an inevitable disorientation" from the population.

Although the PQ government could still conceivably win next spring's referendum on independence—many federalists are expected to vote "Yes" to increase Quebec's bargaining power in a subsequent revision of Canada's constitution—last week's by-election results make Ryan look less like an Opposition leader than a premier-in-waiting. The Liberal leader told militant supporters in Massena riding that he had been waiting for this unequivocal proof of his

popular appeal before consulting English Canada's political leaders on his own proposals for constitutional reform. Ryan's scheme is to achieve prior support in the rest of the country so that he can see Quebecers his constitutional project has real hope for success, unlike Lévesque's sovereignty dissonance plan which most politicians in the rest of the country say they would reject.

But Ryan's proposals may be no more palatable than those of his adversary, Ryan Liberal candidate Herbert Marx, now in win next week's single by-election in a riding overwhelmingly English-speaking and Jewish. "Ryan is not a nationalist but Lévesque Ryan won't accept anything less for Quebec than Lévesque." Ryan gained, in the by-election victory, another passionate advocate of renewed federalism in Suzanne Chaput-Rolland who, before becoming a Liberal candidate, served as the Task Force on Canadian Unity. Chaput-Rolland's presence in the National Assembly will add weight to Ryan's arguments that Lévesque's PQ's apprehended decline, fundamental reform is essential to Canada's survival.

But, if elected, Ryan would have to deal with the same drearily society whose volatility contributed to the PQ's fall from grace. Ryan in the face of palpable public antipathy, leaders of 200,000 teachers, hospital workers and public servants are causing their balky members to join in a general strike against government services. Emergency legislation adopted just a day before last week's by-elections suspended the legal right to strike until Nov. 28, but if the unions walk out, legally or not, Lévesque could be forced to call a winter general election on the night of government workers to strike. Unlikely though such an election is, it could mean an earlier start to the election for Ryan to prove he can do better.

David Thomas



Ontario

The princess and the peons

In the gloomy darkness and clammy coldness of a Kingston, Ontario, evening a small Canadian Forces plane taxied to a halt on a runway at Norman Rogers Airport, the ramp descended and a young woman properly walked down the steps. She did not look particularly pretty, she did not look happy, and she certainly did not look fabulous, wearing as she was a turquoise-and-blue tasselled hat, which looked as though it might have been designed to

hail, given at Toronto's Variety Stadium, Anne, 26, wife of Captain Mark Phillips, mother of Master Peter, 2, and award-winning equestrian, seemed to be nobody's favorite princess. Without the majesty of her mother, the Queen, the sex appeal of her brother Prince Charles, the future King, or even the viable gusto and warmth of her grandmother, the Queen Mother, the princess has built herself a reputation as the Red Head of the Royal Family—petulant, selfish and totally absorbed in her narrow world of hating and jumping. Over the years, she has been spared nothing by the international press. It has chronicled her every bitter outburst, the most famous being the time she took a nasty fall during the Euro-



Owlin, Princess Anne and the gift bearer "you'd like to put your hands around it"

pean equestrian trials at Kim and snapped at reporters: "Well they all got to see what they came for. I hope they get their money's worth." They diligently recorded her speeding affronts, they snapped at the thousands of pounds she and Captain Phillips lavished on their horses—and they decided in dismay when the young couple recently accepted a \$150,000 sponsorship for their stable from British Leyland Motors. They lampooned her acute tooth and they scorned her intelligence, revealing that within the Royal Family, Mark's nickname was Peg (because he's "thick and wet").

In sum, it was quite a reputation with which to descend from a plane, and if the princess looked a little tentative it was understandable. But she proved well up to the task of living it down. While there was much to be said coddly about her, the projected an-

trusting blind of graciousness and provincialism, as well as giving the day (let impression that she was mightily aware of her image problem.

During the brutal, 18-hour working day in Kingston, the princess, as colonel-in-chief of the Canadian Forces' Canteen, secured the base, strenuously turned out in a vaquero 1940s-style flared coat with hat and veil to greet, causing one police officer to swoon over her figure. "That little waist," he sighed. "You feel as though you'd like to put your hands around it."

She individually shaken up an entire row of officers, making one laugh nervously when she remarked that Royal Visits were getting rarer and "it must be a bit of a relief for everyone." While the question could be raised that no one who has lived a full life could possibly enjoy standing in the pouring rain staring at a pole orchard ("the men dig holes, Ma'am, and then they put the poles in, Ma'am, and then they climb them..."). Her Royal Highness managed to look fascinated and ask well-informed questions. Later, when complimented on her savvy, she retorted in brusque fashion that it was expected of her, that royal tours had "gone a bit beyond the flag-waving."

In Toronto's Nathan Phillips Square, as patron of the Save the Children Fund, Princess Anne laughed a lot (what else could she do?) after being presented with a mammoth stuffed beaver, which she gleefully held on her lap and patted a few times before passing it over to her lady-in-waiting. Later, at a \$500-a-head Canamare dinner at the posh Harbour Castle Hilton, she impressed celebrities Anne Murray and Maureen Farrester, who both barbed "she looks so much prettier than her pictures," and dangled her head-table companion Mary LeMessurier, minister of culture in Alberta, who said she was amazed "by her ability to make people feel totally at ease, we talked about riding, about missing a family, being a mother, and it was as if we were sitting in my living room having a cup of tea."

Princess Anne displayed rare fancy social poise at an informal reception for the media, joking with reporters about her taste in fashion, her antipathy to shopping and the press's own forlorn in covering her. The reporters were impressed. Leaving the reception, the princess shyly asked her official escort if she had done all right. That she had might have been due, in some small measure, to the welcome she had received. As a member of her entourage remarked: "We haven't had this kind of attention—or security—or planning—in any other country she's visited." Only in Canada, you say?

Judith Timmon

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Reagan gets into the act

By Ian Urquhart

Ronald Reagan last week formally entered the race for the Republican presidential nomination with a speech in New York City to 1,600 faithful who had paid \$500 each to hear him. But, just to make sure his message got through to the nation, the former California governor and movie star lasted 30 minutes of prime-time television (at an estimated cost of \$400,000) and spoke directly to millions of Americans in their living rooms.

What the viewers saw was a new-taped version of the New York speech that showed off all Reagan's acting skills. The tape opened with Reagan seated behind a desk. But when he wanted to sound sincere, he rose and stood beside it. To strike a nostalgic note—a memory of a Christmas Eve during the Depression when his father had lost his job—he returned to his seat, lowered his voice, and seemed on the verge of tears, even though he had told the story hundreds of times. Throughout, he charismatically stole lines from speeches by Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy—without credit.

It was a colorful campaign kickoff that set Reagan apart from the other nine previously announced candidates for the Republican nomination.* But



Reagan and wife, Nancy, and Oliver North at a breakfast after losing a preference poll to Bush (right) strenuously stole lines

there was more style than substance to it, and particularly to Reagan's speech. In recent months, while he was kept under wraps by his Washington manager, John Sears, there had been mounting speculation that the world would be shown a "new Reagan" with new appeal to the political center. But in the end, with one exception, he replayed the same old Cold War ("Negotiations with the Soviet Union must never become appeasement") and testu-

Washington ("The people have not

created this disaster in our economy, the federal government has") rhetoric of his previous bids for nomination in 1968 and 1976.

The exception was a proposal for a "North American accord" with Canada and Mexico Reagan devoted a surprisingly large proportion of his speech to the subject, prompting *The Wall Street Journal*, which has supported him, to ask: "What is all this dolog as the highlight of a presidential campaign announcement? After all, our whole foreign policy is collapsing around it." And, answering its own question: "Satisfying the political packaging requirement for something fresh and hopeful from an old face, that's what. And that's all."

Whether the name, Reagan was short on specifics. But he did set out a long-term goal for the second which sounded suspiciously like a common market, although he did not use that term.

He said: "It may take the next 100 years, but we can dare to dream that at some future date a map of the world might show the North American continent as one in which the peoples and commerce of its three strong countries live freely across their present borders."

Reagan sounded out Mexican President José López-Portillo on this idea last July, but he was not tasked Prime Minister Jim Clark.

Not surprisingly, his proposal got a

cool reception in both Ottawa and Mexico City. Nonetheless, he kept returning to the subject during a four-day, 11-city tour which followed his New York speech, though he elicited a much better response with his old notes: "Isn't it about time," he asked cheering supporters in Philadelphia, "that we decided we're not going to be so concerned about whether the rest of the world lives or not we're going to be respected again, respected to the point that no dictator would ever dare invade an American embassy and hold Americans hostage?"

Rhetoric may be enough to win the Republican nomination in 1980, if not the presidency. The polls show Reagan well ahead of his Republican rivals, with John Connally a distant second. But he will be hurt by his age (he looks 58, but is actually 68) and would be the oldest person ever to assume the presidency, and his perceived shallowness ("If you walked through his deepest thoughts, you wouldn't get your feet wet," says a California Republican).

Both weaknesses were highlighted in an interview last week on NBC's *Tonight* show, when Reagan admitted he would be younger as president than any other world leader except Britain's Margaret Thatcher. "Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of France is younger than you," observed interviewer Tom Brokaw. "Who?" asked Reagan.

In fact, Giscard is 35 years younger than Reagan and there are several other younger leaders, notably: Canada's Clark (60), Mexico's Portillo (58), West Germany's Helmut Schmidt (60), Egypt's Anwar Sadat (68). Even Ronald's own son, Ronald Reagan Jr., at 66, has a two-year advantage.

Still, Reagan is the front-runner and, to create a bandwagon appearance, he took a listing 722 fall of reporters, nervous young aides and Secret Service agents on an evening tour highlighted by stops in the northwest and Midwest, the two regions where he was weakest in his near-miss 1976 bid against Gerald Ford. On the way he released long lists of local Republicans, some of them Ford supporters in 1976, who are backing him this time around.

The most prominent name was Jack Kemp, the former football player who now represents Buffalo in Congress and is considered the Republicans' brightest young star. Kemp, who appeals to blue-collar voters in spite of his conservative politics, gives the Reagan campaign an element it was lacking in 1976. But front-runners have a history of failure in American elections: George Romney in 1968 and Edmund Muskie in 1972 are the most often cited examples. Memories of those ill-fated campaigns are cherished by supporters of Connally, Baker and Bush. ☐

A hint of hope at the embassy siege

By David North

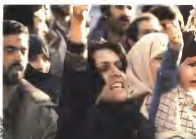
The tone was defiant rather than conciliatory. But Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's order for the release of black and women hostages was widely welcomed on Saturday as the first sign of change in the area will which had kept about 80 men—59 of them Americans—battled up by men in the U.S. embassy in Tehran for 34 days in an attempt to force the United States to hand over the entire school for Iran. The first hostages, about 30 in all, were to be escorted to freedom and eventual deportation by the airplane's son Hajj Aliakbar. Hajj Aliakbar Khomeini, possibly to West Germany, on the grounds that women enjoyed special privileges under Islam and blacks were oppressed in the United States. But there was to be no respite for the remaining prisoners, at any rate for the time being.

The first breakthrough came at the end of a week in which the two countries and their leaders traded insults—"An act of terrorism," said President Jimmy Carter. "They rob and freeze our money just like thieves," replied Khomeini—and economic warfare. But

late morning outside the U.S. embassy in Tehran: to Carter, an act of terrorism

while public tension continued high in the United States, rank force officials in Washington were privately establishing a support by telephone with students in the Tehran embassy and, despite the bluster, signs multiplied that the situation was improving. The Americans were able to pass on personal messages from the captives; relatives and the students also agreed to accept mail for their charges. The hostages asked for books, and a copy of them was delivered. Among the titles: David Niven's autobiography *The Moon Is Below*.

This lighthearted note underlined the contrast between the hostility of Americans to Iranians in the United States and the relaxed attitude of Iranians toward Americans and other foreigners in Tehran. While the motley groups of demonstrators—drivers in a fleet of orange taxis, cement workers, a group of wounded soldiers from Kandahar still in their hospital gowns—and banners multiplied, revolutionary guards charged with reporters and street vendors did a running trade in hot spiced beefsteak among these citizens who had merely come to stare. America's anger, however, meant that Carter would almost certainly have had to take tough action, simply to satisfy public opinion, even if the Iranians had



*They are in alphabetical order: John Anderson, Ronald Reagan, George Bush, John Connally, Philby Chase, Robert Joly, Benjamin Mankowitz, Larry Prosser and Wendell Stewart.



country that has five armies—the Shomvi and Mawbe guerrilla forces, Shikay Mawbe's and Rev. Ndlovu's so-called airforce and the Rhodesian army under Lieutenant-General Peter Walls.

The ceasefire will be monitored by a force of up to 1,000 Commonwealth personnel, armed for personal protection but for no military purpose and operating alongside a ceasefire commission made up of guerrilla and Rhodesian forces. At the same time, Britain will give all possible help to the hundreds of thousands of refugees, living mainly in neighboring Zambia, Mozambique and Botswana, to return home as time to vote. The election campaign itself will be carried out under the eyes of a council comprised of representatives from each party taking part in the election. They will be helped by another watchdog group—300 Commonwealth observers.

Who will win the elections? The Patriotic Front is confident. "We have the cards," said a delegate in London. In Salisbury, the mood of the whites was noticeably more subdued. For the first time since the unilateral declaration of independence (UDI) on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1965, Ian Smith did not celebrate by ringing the Liberty Bell. Just back from London, he preferred to spend a quiet evening at home.

Derik Ingram



between ordinary murderers and two young Palestinians recently executed of sitting a bus on the coast road north of Tel Aviv and slaughtering 34 Israeli civilians.

While refusing to discuss details of the particular case—and especially the throwing of a child into the faces of a burning bus—the mayor replied, "These of the coastal road are because of the occupation, and they want their independence. Operations like these are only a reaction to other acts. Israel as a state reacts with cruel retaliation, for example, in south Lebanon. As long as there is occupation and killing, you can expect many operations of that kind. There is a chance that operations like these will bring results."

When an hour later, one of his subordinates, leaked a distorted account to Israeli radio. The daily press followed, there was great in the Knesset, Israel's parliament, and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman, who is responsible for the occupied territories, was radioed into expelling the mayor of the West Bank's largest town (population, 30,000).

Weizman acted partly out of revenge. The coast road massacre was the most costly of all Palestinian raids and many of the victims were women and children. But his decision was also a reassertion of authority by the government, which has watched a growing military and defiance among the elected Palestinian leaders. Some In-

Shalom and supporters: a dangerous situation that the occupation is tolerable.

rael observes suspect that in addition it was a demonstration of virility. Weizman has been constantly under pressure from another general, Minister for Settlements Ariel Sharon, notably over his inaction on a firm line with the return of Kibbutz, who must be evacuated from their illegal West Bank settlement by Thursday under a high court order.

But what began as melodrama soon evolved into something more serious. All 28 Arab suspects from the West Bank and Gaza Strip remained in prison. A general strike spread from Nablus. Streets blocked roads and stoned Israeli vehicles.

By week's end Weizman had got his own back on Matt by releasing news of the poster's eventual departure from his post, seemingly under plans to de-emphasize the authority's administrative role in the West Bank. But that didn't solve the problem of Mayor Shalom. "If an Arab mayor of well-known convictions cannot freely speak his mind even in private without being considered to be a fanatic, then what is this thing called autonomy except a farce and a fraud?" The most intransigent Arabs, it said, had now found a cause around which to rally all the Palestinians. Including, no doubt, gangs of school children.

Eric Silver

Israel

Uncovering the autonomy farce

One day recently a car from one of the new West Bank settlements crashed into a parked truck in the Arab town of Tulkarem. The driver was killed and the driver seriously injured. When police arrived they found a group of Arab schoolchildren singing and dancing around the wreck. Israeli forces were shocked. The settlers demanded collective punishments which the government refused. The settlers were enough to refuse. But the response highlighted the Israeli delusion that somehow the occupation is tolerable to all but a few Arab extremists, that economic advance and a relatively light hand compensate for a loss of national self-respect.

The knee-jerk decision last week to deport the mayor of Nablus, Bassim Shalom, for daring to justify a Palestinian right to arms spring from the same blindness. During a private conversation the Israeli co-ordinator of the occupied territories, General Dany Matt, challenged Shalom to distinguish

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People

When Susan Hogan was playing in the David Cronenberg horror film *The Brood*, she found the master of terrifying shock to be "a bit tick." As a kindergarten teacher beaten to death by dwarf mutants, Hogan discovered that Cronenberg had an eerie way with making "He knows exactly where to put all the blood," she shudders. After *The Brood*, 32-year-old Hogan moved into the wholesome role of a coastal pilot in the CBC adventure series *Battle of the Sexes*. Hogan is teamed up with Paul Michael Glaser (aka *Star Trek*'s *Dr. Benches* and *Dr. Benches*) as a successful sculptor in *Phobia*. Hogan's role is "emotional and scary" but this time she doesn't have to cope with Cronenberg gore—just five death-row murders.

As a rebellious cowboy, Glen Campbell made his mark on middle-of-the-road music and, at 41, the bald-faced crooner has decided to take a political stand. A Democrat-turned-Republican, Campbell recently declared himself a political "agnostic." His reason is as simple as apple pie: "I think the political situation in America sucks."

The streets of Montreal have been witness to some unusual sights and, recently, the hair-raising sight of contest **Buddy Hackett** and blossoming starlet **Yasmine Bleeth** has been tearing fash-

ionable heads along St. Catherine Street. Bleeth, 11, and Hackett, 35, are paired in a film called *Babe*, which tells the tale of a downroadie vaudeville star who imparts his "trade secrets" to a young girl who wants to be a show star. The problem now is finding an ending, and producer **Rafal Zielinski** has decided to ask Montrealers to help out. So far three scenarios have been set: Hackett struggles Bleeth because she becomes too successful with his old material, or Bleeth struggles Hackett to put him out of his misery or, a real tongue-riker, Hackett dies of natural



Hogan: Sure wholesome goes to phobias

causes and Bleeth has a pyrexia death flash in the middle of a dance song, which causes her to faint with grief.

When Jimmy Carter cancelled his trip to Ottawa he left Governor-General **Kid McInnes** with a frowner full of daghs, but there was no such problem in Winnipeg where **Rosslyn Carter** showed up last week to receive the fourth International Award of the St. Boniface General Hospital Research Foundation. More than 2,500 guests, including **Maclean** and U.S. ambassador to Canada **Kenneth Curtis**, paid \$50 each to attend the event and took into merriment and sealed cocktails. Canadian prime minister **Malcolm Macdonald** and former Alaska "We had hoped to dim the lights and have waitresses carry the dessert with flaming torches," says **Klaus Fennel**, who orchestrated the feasting. "But the Secret Service didn't like that idea."

What has heretofore pigtails, a ragged left, bright yellow business-shaped Wellington boots and is as blood relation to **Perley Mowat**? It's the "bad Scott," **Billy Connolly**, who will be exposing his self-styled "vulgar lavatory humor" across Canada for the next few weeks. In Scotland, Connolly is known as the "Big Yip" (big one) and he has become the cult hero of a nationally syndicated comic strip called *Bring On the Big Yip*, in which the protagonist celebrates such "national pastimes" as watching football, drinking whisky and smoking Connolly in that order. Connolly, 36, is soon to be seen in a film called *Abolition* in which he co-stars opposite **Richard Dreyfuss. "My role is very close to the Billy Connolly image," Billy says with heavy-brooded**

Bleeth and Hackett: vaudeville duo



John Holten: on his pubescence

innocence. "I play a free-wheeling, bongo-playing corruptor of young schoolboys."

The childhood memories of rock star **John John**, now 32, are littered with heartprints. Long before John himself became a pop icon, he adored **Ray Charles**, still cringing away at 41, and remembers a prepubescent meeting with the fresh-faced cowboy as "a big moment in my life." Recently John was shocked when he was told that Rogers has his golden palooka, **Trigler** (who played away in 1968 as the age of 33), stuffed and mounted in the bedroom. He shares with wife, **Gale Evans**, 67. "I hope Dale doesn't before Ray does," John says with a wince.

When old buckey players retire, they rarely hang up their spurs, they just wait for the opportunity to play with their contemporaries. Last Friday, 25 NHL Oldtimers and 30 Oldtimers from *Leinster*, Ontario, formed battle lines in a display of festive puck-passing, gently body-checking for the win, were **Wally Bowman**, **Harry Howell** and **Brian MacFarlane**, who battled *Leinster* (and NHL) veterans **Cal Gardner**, **George Armstrong**, **Bill Bailey** and **Frank Mahovlich**. The final score was 11-4 in favor of the NHL Oldtimers, and all of the proceeds went to help pay for a new roof for the community sports centre. The biggest surprise of the evening came when 73-year-old **Peter Mahovlich Sr.** was presented with an award honoring his service. For 22 years, he has been the team's official skate sharpener.

The townfolk of Inuvik have every right to think that "southern" slush-makers are enemy. This fall a whole crew arrived in the community to start

Yvonne Trigler: Dale's hockey partner. Father died (who died in 1970) and the Shores. John John's a player. John (1970) and 22 are presented in the Big Boys of Dale Evans the son of Perryville, California.

Eliminating the first of seven made-for-TV shows based on the stories of **Jack London**. And they brought their own snow-Symposium flakes which had to be fluffed constantly by hovering helicopters while actors **Greg McGinnis** and **Richard Fitzpatrick** tried to look frost-bitten at the height of Arctic Indian summer.

When Spanish dictator **Francisco Franco** lay on his deathbed he pronounced the situation "widespread chaos." He meant that he was leaving his country's affairs neatly tied up. But four years later the package is coming apart at its conjugal seams. Before he

Schneider and Holden: outlook writings



Child star **Pick Schneider**, 9, who stole hearts as **Jon Volant's** school in *The Champ*, is on his way to winning veteran actor **William Holden's** affection—on and off screen. Schneider has taken to calling Holden "Billy Willy" between takes on the set of *The Shepherd*, which is being filmed in the outback 200 miles northwest of Sydney, Australia, with a full complement of wild haggis and even serving as extra. The crew has never seen such good-natured kidding, as playful Schneider and granite-faced Holden play private jokes on each other and even out haggis. "The kid has the best instincts of anyone I've worked with," says Holden, 61, who credits Schneider's parents for "screwing his head on right."

Edited by Marisa Boulton

Axemen strike from the sky

By Hal Gurn

Struggling for national titles in becoming a bit of a habit for the University of Western Ontario Mustangs. Since the Varsity Cup has been contested for the Canadian collegiate football championship, the Mustangs have won four of 12 College Bowls before last Saturday's 79 edition.

For a couple of years the Cup was a non-title invitation-only affair, but since 1967, when it became symbolic of coast-to-coast football supremacy, Western has appeared and was more College Bowl than any other university in the country. But unlike the college football situation in the United States, where national rankings of alma maters can split bowls and an ever-expanding list of Bowl games annually divides the survivors, New Year's Day and parks hundreds of thousands of fans into gargantuan stadiums, Canada's belated colleagues outside in relative obscurity. The top team in the nation over the past decade, the Mustangs lost their best day in the past 25 years when they attended between \$340 and \$3,000 for the Varsity Cup game this year (Ottawa-Quebec championship).

The College Bowl is designed to lift temporarily the veil of anonymity, even bearing a little fair warning and boasting (however self-conscious) and raise money for the Canadian Red Cross Children Fund. The enterprise is succeeding admirably in its third goal.

Saturday's game was a renewal of what has become a great rivalry between Western of London, Ont., and Acadia University of Wolfville, N.S., Acadia's first bowl appearance in 1890 and lost to Western 20-13. They met again in '77, the result the same, but more decisive—Western 48, Acadia 15. Neither reached the final last year, and Western certainly wasn't expected to be there this year, though many suspected Acadia might. The Mustangs lost all but eight players through graduation and were expected to rebuild quietly. Acadia was hardly affected by caps and games; most players returned, including their nucleus of seven U.S. born players. Acadia played 16 players on the Atlantic Conference all-star team, two



Ross holds on, most reliable surprise

on the all-Canadian team and was posed for a return to the Bowl. The young Mustangs appeared at first but got together right on consecutive wins, including the Yates Cup over last year's national champion, Queen's University, to reach the Bowl and place three players on the all-Canadian team.

Yet the two top Canadian university teams may have settled for the national title in front of more than the 35,000 who attended the game at the annual site, Varsity Stadium, in Toronto. The CFC only belatedly and somewhat reluctantly agreed to televise the game. And, in a further reflection of the distinctly Canadian and decidedly un-American nature and stature of Canadian college sport, the Canadian Football League made no scheduling accommodation for the Bowl game of Canada. Despite the fact that 191 of the 198 Ca-

Mallender, well-known but not delisted



nadian on CFC rosters (as of last week, and not including injury lists) are graduates of Canadian universities, a CFC playoff game competed directly against the Bowl game for Saturday's TV audience. The CFC reinforced its attitude by not buying a table at the Bowl dinner (proceeds to charity), compounding the irony of having forced the 1978 top Canadian college player, Jamie Ross, to report to the Ontario Human Rights Commission to get a fair tryout with a CFC team.

This year's top collegiate football player, and Eric Creighton trophy winner, University of Windsor quarterback Scott Mallender, suffers none of the delusions that his U.S. counterpart, the Houston Trophy winner, might be entitled to. "If I am drafted as a quarterback and then feel the pro team is giving me a new deal, then I probably would do the same thing Jamie did."

And when the Bowl game began, Western marched 75 yards on an running play for a touchdown. But after Tom Amos's 60-yard single made 5-0, the surprise started. Acadia, supposed to be the running team, took to the air. Quarterback Mike Congrove, who ended up with 277 yards passing, began hitting Bob Strumac and especially second-year Brock Ross, and it was 14-0 at half time. Ross eventually grabbed six passes for 122 yards, two touchdowns and the most valuable player award.

Western never recovered but it was a college classmate and winless passed, down goal posts during and tearing them down at the end—so Acadia's Axemen won their first Bowl 34-11. Meanwhile on the other network, the pro game score was 6-4 before ending 13-6. "I always felt college ball was more exciting than the pros," said Acadia coach John Hazard.

A Hollywood script for a Halifax fight

By Tom MacDonnell

When Canadian welterweight champion Clyde Gray drove Eric Clarke to the canvas last week to win back his Commonwealth title, the 3,223 shouting fans at the Halifax Metro Centre felt the ongoing dramatic story line had been challenged by real life. The 32-year-old black fighter from Three Mile Plains, Nova Scotia, past his physical prime and near the end of his career, had delivered a series of punishing combinations in the sixth and 10th rounds to gain a technical knockout over the scrappy young white fighter from the tough north end of Halifax.

Gray had originally lost his Commonwealth title in late August by badly underestimating a challenger who had not faced any serious opponents in his 16 professional fights. The 23-year-old Clarke won the August match in the approved Hollywood fashion, more by endurance than skill, repeatedly shaking off the effects of brutal right-hand punches before forcing Gray—with blood streaming from a cut above his

right eye—to retire after the 10th round.

With the Halifax crowd still in an uproar, Ivor Ungerman, the colorful Toronto businessman who has managed Gray's 12-year professional career, was already pulling Clarke's manager, Dave Singer, under the stands in an effort to sign a contract for promotional rights to a return match for Gray's Canadian welterweight title for Clarke's newly won Commonwealth title.

Clarke's decision to give Gray a rematch last week—only 11 weeks after winning the Commonwealth title—resulted in record gate receipts of more than \$100,000 and encouraged Halifax to call itself the "fight capital of Canada." Only seconds after the referee had stopped the match, reporters joined the professional in the ring, swirling around the battered but triumphant Gray and the still-delled Clarke with questions about a third fight.

But Gray and Ungerman have refused to commit themselves to anything—especially to a Halifax fight.

Clarke (left) beat Gray punch: Rocky RT



until several grievances are settled with the Halifax Athletic Commission, administrator of the two Clarke-Gray matches. Gray had been in command at the officiating of the August fight that he had vowed to walk out of the ring if the commission appointed the same referee again. But the possibility of another record-breaking gate and another pay day for the bookies were just about guarantees that all parties can patch up their differences and work out the small details for a fight early in 1983. "Where else could they get more than 9,000 people out to see these two guys fight?" asks Singer.

Clyde Gray has been a popular champion and though he lights out of Toronto, retains an intense personal following in the Atlantic provinces—particularly with the black population in Nova Scotia. He has now won 41 fights with nine losses and a draw—including three world title bouts—before turning professional in 1967. Gray has prospered under the aggressive management of Ungerman, a man who advances on friend and foe alike with a mixture of belligerence, bonhomie, swarming talk and expensive gifts. Clarke will make more than \$100,000 this year.

Clarke resembles the model of the working-class fighter, a kippie lad from Barrington Street who lost a coronary bout at the Montreal Olympics. Considered a good prospect for a model, Clarke was first belted and cut by his Hungarian opponent, then disqualified, because of the cut, by the Taiwanese referee, who may just have had Canada's exclusion of Taiwan from the '76 Olympics on his mind.

Despite his success over turning pro, the grounds that it's a more honest game, Clarke has not changed his lifestyle. He works a full day at the Halifax dockyard before driving his ancient Buick over to train in the improved basement gym of his boxer manager and trainer. And Singer too remains a full-time city fireman while developing a strong stable of promising young Nova Scotia fighters.

The contrast between the two fighters continues into the ring where Gray, a southpaw, works his hard and careful science of an experienced man who cuts too easily. Clarke relies on his speed, instincts, good lateral reflexes and a surprisingly hard punch, exhibiting a kind of insolent spite that frequently makes him grin when he absorbs a particularly hard blow.

He may have another chance inside. And if Gray and Ungerman can patch up their differences with the Halifax Athletic Commission, Halifax fight fans may yet again see Canada's two best welterweights attempt to outdo Hollywood and write Rocky III first.

Black gold and rough diamonds

By Suzanne Zwanen

Taking a look at the Arctic Ocean as closely as the shores of the Arctic Ocean that the sea has swallowed chunks of the tiny settlement and people there have had to scurry inland, building again as they go. Whaling was already in decline when the Hudson's Bay Company arrived in 1594, when trading, in turn, tapered off, the community was revived by the establishment of a District Early Warning (DEW) Line station in the 1950s. But Tuk's troubles, top-of-the-world sure is desolate because, in yet another economic transformation, it has, most lately, become the staging area for oil and gas exploration in that part of the Arctic Ocean known as the Beaufort Sea. During summer's perpetual light, 24-hour-a-day land at the DEW Line station, diggers roughen and oil containers, geologists and seismologists, ship designers and computer engineers. And since a year if he's lucky—no occasionally, for his taste—Jack Gallagher himself escapes his luxurious executive suite on the third floor of the Dome Tower in downtown Calgary, 1,500 miles to the south, and arrives to take a firsthand look at his particular vision of Canada's energy future.

John P. Gallagher, 63, Dome Petroleum's founder, chairman and chief executive officer, has looked him hopes to geology. As he has been pointing out for years, two-thirds of the world's oil and gas reserves are located in the relatively young Tertiary age sediments in the delta of the great rivers of the world: the Mississippi Delta off-shore Louisiana, the Niger Delta off-shore Nigeria, the Orinoco off Venezuela, the delta of the Tigris and Euphrates in the Persian Gulf. And Canada's Mackenzie River has a delta just like the others.

As things now stand, Canada supplies most of its own oil, but falls short by about one-fifth of the total required. This amount, which has to be imported, is growing every year and, by 1990, is expected to reach one million barrels a day unless a major new Canadian oil discovery comes to the rescue. That, says Gallagher, is where the North comes in: "It has the potential to supply



Photo by AP/Wide World

Dome Tower (left) in Calgary's TD Square; Gallagher, digger of roughness

Canada's energy needs for a number of decades." So far, Jack, as Gallagher has been dubbed in honor of his toothsome, hasn't let pay dirt so far. But speculators truly want to believe his single-minded vision of an energy-sufficient Canada. When Dome announced this fall that its Rapoport M-83 well could be capable of sustained production exceeding 12,000 barrels of oil a day, oil-patch experts instantly predicted it would be a billion-barrel discovery, the biggest Canadian discovery ever, and the stock market went, as a broker put it, "absolutely wild." It was the third consecutive year that spending frenzy centred on Dome and, so in

previous years, the fever collapsed with the subsequent disappointing announcement that Dome's find wasn't commercial. In spite of all Dome's drilling activity in the Beaufort—largely supported by tax-sheltered drilling funds supplied by private investors—no operating oil well has yet been tapped. And, with Arctic operations due to shut down next week for the winter, it will not be until next May before hope springs again in the land of the midnight sun. In spite of that, Dome continues to dominate the Canadian oil and gas scene as a golden-haired corporate star. One of the few completely Canadian-owned oil companies in a field dominated by foreign corporations, Dome last week announced its nine-month earnings are up 44 per cent over 1979.

The man behind Dome, the man who turned it from a one-man show to a corporation with assets in excess of \$2 billion, was a University of Waterloo geology student who signed on with a Canadian Geological Survey team in 1956 and swiftly became infected by a lifelong love of the North and of risk-taking.

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ing on the last frontier. In 1958, he struck out for water horizons, hunting oil and gas in a dozen different countries while working for Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon Corp.). A few

Donna Beaufort drilling ship: TCPL's Laforce, hope springs in the midnight sun.



accident in the Andes left him with a broken collarbone that troubles him still, but his travels nettled him, he says, world of experience that was rare among Canadians then and put him in a position to be noticed by people "with some money and a desire to get into the oil business in Western Canada." The people doing the netting were from Donna Mines Ltd. of Toronto and the company Gallagher was invited to launch because Donna Petroleum, formed in 1958 with a capitalization of \$250,000 in equity and \$15-million in debt, most of it advanced by Donna Mines and the endowment funds of Princeton, Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In the decade between 1958 and 1960, more than 300 little oil companies were launched, many with more money than Donna, none survives intact today, except Donna.

His first successful wildcat came in 1963, on the East Brimblefield field, enabling Donna to sell 100,000 shares on the stock market for \$5 million. Gallagher went on to build a solid base on the sensible, and less expensive oil and gas in Alberta and British Columbia until Donna became Canada's largest producer and exporter of natural gas liquids. That provided a cash flow, Gallagher provided the vision and the determination to play all the cash back into new, riskier ventures (Donna has never paid a dividend) Gallagher's vision—the North—was, in the 1960s, never far from the rear of the oil industry, which believed that the energy glut would last forever. Gallagher thought otherwise and, in 1969, Donna filed an permits in the Arctic islands that no one else particularly wanted. Donna kept entering the North, until it now holds working interests in about 24 million acres of oil and gas rights and

royalties in another 14 million acres. Gallagher readily admits he would have made a poor corporate cog and he has used his small-organization freedom to do things that don't make "dollars and cents" in the wilderness. Donna's latest brain wave—a drill ship that revolves around its drill stem like a weather-vane—is now up for tender. And Donna's \$20-million, Class 4 seabeamer (half as efficient as the John A. Macdonald, 24 times cheaper than the new smaller Canadian Coast Guard seabeamers) is now at work in the Beaufort and has surprised even company officials with its outstriking abilities. With the John A., Donna has extended its drilling season from Oct. 20 to Nov. 6, this year, with the Class 4 seabeamer. Donna has been able to keep going until late November and finish securing all four starred wells.

Donna sees eventually a \$4-billion system that would have of moving out of the Beaufort by seabeamer tankers year-round, the advantage being that tankers could cross-country more efficiently than the oil that is necessary to make a pipeline worthwhile.

Gallagher has set 1990 as the target date to begin moving Beaufort oil to East Coast ports and, these days, he dreams in anything but solitary. Donna's drilling subsidiary, Canadian Marine Drilling Ltd. (Canamar), has been joined by such participant partners as Gulf, Petro-Canada, Murat Petroleum and Norcon, thanks, in part, to federal government constraints imposed by Gallagher. Gallagher has the factory in dream and to infect others with that dream," as one financial analyst puts it. More practically, Gallagher has been able to beat the government at its own game, a fact that is only now becoming clear to the government. Because of "Gallagher's Amendment," as the oil industry dubbed the federal Frontier Exploration Allowance created at his instigation, some investors and companies can make a profit through tax returns alone by putting money into Canamar. Donor, itself, using all the tax incentives and tax maneuvering possible to maximize its cash flow, managed, according to some analysts, to have Canadian taxpayers footing \$130 to \$140 million of the \$150 million it spent in the Beaufort last year, and the 1979 figure could be greater. By not using its own money, these analysts say, the company has funds on hand to help with such projects as Donna's recent \$411-million, 40-per-cent purchase of TransCanada Pipelines Ltd. Next week Donna's vice-president, John Redmond, becomes TCC's chairman while R. R. Latimer—another Gallagher ally—takes over as president. Then there's also Donna's \$490-million take-over of 76 per cent of Bebeas Oil & Gas and its half-share of the \$440-million purchase of Nova Petroleum Company's Canadian assets.

Donna executives point out that without the tax incentives drilling in the Beaufort would still not be possible, while the former Liberal government, which introduced the super depletion allowance, simply had to find out whether there was a serious Canadian supply of oil in the Beaufort. After all, Donna took the risks, says President Bill Richards. The drilling system might not have worked in the Beaufort either because of the climate or because of the limitations of drilling technology.

The man who took the risks, who encouraged others into helping pay for them, who might, finally, see his 20-year gamble pay off, claims discontent in the money-making aspects of it all. "This is far the best of being someone worthwhile for Canada," says Gallagher. Only when Kapanian and its senior wells are proved will Donna's full role become known. But Gallagher, whose lean, elegant looks often prompt people to compare with him a highly paid seabeamer, may yet win the Triple Crown of the energy crash. ☐

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Music

For the record

MY VERY SPECIAL GUESTS
George Jones
(CBS)

Guests such as Emmylou Harris, Willie Nelson and Linda Ronstadt all do well teamed with the male country singing voice of all time. *At Shore Was Good*, with co-wife Tammy Wynette, is just a real-time effort, however, and *Pound Mep*, with Johnny Paycheck, is unremarkable. But on *Will the Circle Be Unbroken*, Jones and Mavis Staples are a joy, and *Stronger in the Now*, with a haunting contribution from its author, Elvis Costello, is a showstopper.

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND
Waylon Jennings
(RCA)

Jennings' nondescript performance on this record offers another reason why musicians shouldn't reuse coverups. A couple of newbies such as Jim Rouse and Jo Jo White tag Jennings' talent for barroom blues. Songs meant to be spirited sound flabby and unfelt. Adam Mitchell's *Out Among the Stars* is flatter than Larkspur, Texas, than any plausible outlaw song.



DRUMS AND WIVES
XTC
(Polygram)

The disjointed rhythms and vocals from this farcical British band record seem of Talking Heads. But XTC have their own, and lighter, appeal. The music is riveting and the words are funny ("She has six wives singing in her name") even when their fashionable paranoia seems too trumped up.

David Livingstone



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The little, lost Africa corps

In 1974, Denise Kays, a local CBC Montreal television reporter, visited Toronto to be interviewed for a national correspondent's job in Winnipeg. Working for *The National*, she figured, would be the first step to better assignments and what she really wanted: a posting abroad. She didn't get the job. In 1975, and again in 1977, Arden Ostrander, a local CTV-affiliate reporter in

this month, would re-emerge, touched with remorse, that they are not using their talents for a Canadian audience. Kays and Ostrander were never given a chance. Kent says he was never given the resources to do the job right. The CBC runs a very modest international operation. Kent said from Johannesburg: "Politics, money, conflicting priorities always seem to muddy the waters

When the Montreal Olympic Games were over, she took a year's leave of absence. She went to Brussels. "I always saw my future either in New York, Europe or the Midwest," she says. "But it was apparent nobody in Canada was going to send me there." (When she told the CBC she spoke Arabic, she was advised she would never get a Midwest post because her Lebanese ancestry would make her biased.) ABC fired her one week after her leave of absence ran out. On Nov. 1, 1977, she became the network's Cuban correspondent. "ABC apparently saw something in me and took a risk. Americans take risks."

If Kays was a gamble, Ostrander was a long shot. In 1977, Ostrander left Vancouver for Europe. He had \$600 in his jeans and a ticket to London. His résumé showed a couple of years at radio stations in Prince George, B.C., and three years in local Vancouver television news. He stopped in Toronto en route to give the Canadian networks a last shot. "It was don't call on me and we certainly won't call you," he recalls.

Less than a week after arriving in London he was working for ABC. "I was lucky," he said from Johannesburg. "But I also think they liked the idea of a guy traveling 7,000 miles with little more than enough confidence in himself that he'd succeed." For the next two years Ostrander covered major stories all over Western Europe, the Soviet Union, the Midwest and Africa. Last spring, CBC called. In June he was assigned to Johannesburg as a reporter-producer. Now, he says, all that's left in getting to Nairobi, is Albert Taylor, "the place where they make the defective safari suit."

What has all this taught Arden Ostrander? "Beware of what you want, in case you get it." And what has it shown once again about the U.S. networks, which already have Marley Meier (CBC), Peter Jennings (ABC), Robert MacNeil (PBS) and scores of other talented Canadian journalists? Says Kays's boss, ABC news director Bob Opolsky: "We tend to forget whether a person's Canadian or American. It just doesn't matter."

And what does it say to the Canadian networks? "Well," says CTV news director Tim Kesteliff. "I guess it's grove and take. American come up here, Canadians go down there. When I was with CBC didn't we get Jim Bitterman from KRC?" True enough. But Bitterman was now an NBC correspondent in Europe.

Ken Becker



Kays in Rhodesia: defective safari suit, makeshift resources, don't call us

of the news program." And at NBC? "Well, there, when a big story breaks, you charter a jet, bring in the troops, hire the satellite, and go live from somebody's backyard."

Kent can criticize Canadian television, the CBC and anything else he cares to. He is an established star, the journalist-celebrity. Not so with Kays and Ostrander. "They were lucky enough to break away and make it," says Kent. "But a lot of other journalistic and creative careers have been sidestepped in Canada by some of the turkeys in Toronto."

When Kays was interviewed for the CBC Winnipeg job, she had been with the company eight years. Before that she had worked for *The Chronicle-Herald* in Halifax. She had the background, the attractive television demands, the skills. "I still don't know why I was turned down," she said from Cairo. "But after that I figured, the hell with this."

Vancouver, travelled to Toronto. He too saw other's trench coat or a safari suit by his future. He too failed to impress the hunches in Toronto. In 1976, Peter Kent gave up his \$80,000-a-year job as *The National's* anchorman and returned to reporting. Like Kays and Ostrander, he was after a glamorous international posting, but he knew he had the clout to get it. Since there wasn't a full-scale war anywhere, he chose Africa. And when he arrived there, he found that Kays and Ostrander were there first.

Together they are Canadian television's Africa corps. Kays, 38, of Charlottetown, Ontario, 32, of Regina, and Kent, 36, born to Canadian parents in wartime England, raised in Calgary. Three hangover products braving home the news from across the sea. It seemingly argues well for the Canadian television viewer, but there's a problem: Kays reports for ABC, Ostrander for CBC and, beginning Jan. 1, Kent for NBC.

All three, in interviews from Africa

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Films

Magnifying the ways of love



Best Boy
Directed by his mother

Philly, Pearl: the melody is what counts

What seems obvious to ourselves, such as why we love the people we do, can be the most difficult thing to explain. Words only whittle away at what we mean to say, and we end up shovelling. "Perhaps you had to be there." Perhaps that's why the documentary film is the best way to do it: it puts us there and takes the obvious and magnifies it until we can recognize it. In *Phil's Best Boy*, which is as warm as a pair of arms when a pair of arms seems the warmest thing in the world, tells the story of Phil's 30-year-old recorded cousin, Philly. Shot over a period of three years and brilliantly edited down to two hours, it traces Philly's progression out of his sheltered life toward self-sufficiency. And more than that, it shows his relationship with his aged parents, Pearl and Max. Like *Love*

of *Silence and Darkness*, Werner Herzog's magnificent documentary about the world of the blind and deaf, *Best Boy* looks at the cut-off step to get us to pay attention to the ordinary. If *Best Boy* were a person—and it almost seems like one—you would want to shake its head, and then embrace it unashamedly.

Except for two unhappy years spent in an institution, Philly has never really left home emotionally, he's still verbally connected to his mother. It hasn't been easy for her. "If God wants to punish someone," says Pearl, "he should punish them with retarded children. It's such a heartache—you don't know. Nobody should know." Yet she loves him and feels miserable and worried when Philly takes off to his special school. Philly's father, whom he calls

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Bliss, is a quiet, occasionally cantankerous man suffering the indignities of old age—a kind man who shares Philby, takes him by the hand to get a haircut and grudgingly accepts Philby's kisses. Philby himself is elated at his newfound freedom and becomes increasingly impatient with his own intelligence. But he's funny, quotable, generally cheerful, and finds pleasure in the most mysterious places: the supermarket, the corner store, or singing *The Answer* every night.

Wahl's film is very much about the passage of time, not to mention the fundamental things that apply. There's a scene at a summer camp where the father returns annually as Philby sings *As Time Goes By*. The son is looking on his old head and he's happy, but minutes later he is dead. Minutes earlier Pearl had said, "Fifty-nine years is a long time to live with one man." You know when you give a man—always—his life, how it is? Wahl's technique—mostly extreme close-ups—lets us across the kitchen table from the characters and we hear Pearl address us as "darling" and "honey." He takes Philby to see *Paddy on the Boat* and to meet the great Zero Mostel (now also dead) backstage afterward and it's a jocular occasion. Philby sings with Mostel and, for a moment, they're both very rich men. Pearl explains about Philby's singing: "Philby don't always know the words, but he knows the melody." So often, as *Best Boy* whippers so assuredly and sweetly, the melody is what counts.

—Lawrence Grobel

A matter of death without life

PROMISES IN THE DARK
Directed by Jerome Hellman

While lacking a toothed, 18-year-old Buffy (Kathleen Bell) fractures a leg. The new doctor in the New England town (Harsha Masi) notices that a fracture from such a small lack is unusual and discovers a cancerous tumor in the leg, which exists as a way through Buffy's body and slowly kills her. Promises in the Dark, from an unimpeachable script by Loring Mandel, takes a cold, hard look at cancer and the real-life it lends to. It's a good, solid, nerve and sensitivity acted—it has the honesty not to treat the subject as melodrama—but the distance it keeps from the people and the reactions of emotion they must experience makes it appear cool, somewhat calculated and slightly repulsive.

The director, Jerome Hellman (the producer *Covering America*), is no stranger to repugnance. He's a dull, tedious

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EATING RIGHT

Amongst
a lot of presents,
it has a lot
of presence.



VSOP

Rémy Martin

FINE CHAMPAGNE
COGNAC

By Rita Christopher

Fourteen months ago, with an investment of \$50,000, David Cooper opened *Nutritioneers* in Seattle, a leading Toronto-based food importer. In his first year of business, the 33-year-old former furniture salesman and financial director grossed \$200,000. "I think people are tired of having their noses rubbed by Madison Avenue," he explains. "They want to know where about what they eat."

Skinner of the magnificent seven of Colorado's Rocky Mountains, a lanky blonde confined also into action to leave hopes. She found the drug users "too heavy" and drug expenses prohibitive. But one thing prevented her from moving on. "I can't go. My nutritional is low," she admitted in the recreational time that another presence reserved for its analysis.

Fruit Toronto to Asper and beyond the evidence is mounting that a diet revolution is in progress. Nutrition, from candy cakes to megavitamins, is now big business. The Canadian health food industry estimated its revenues last year at \$100 million and, in the United States, the figure reached an im-

pressive \$1.5 billion. But the growing obsession with what we eat fuels more than the economy—it fuels our fascination as well. Eating right, in fact, has

shines. I see nutrition books stacked," says Victoria, B.C., psychiatrist Abraham Hoffer, a leader in the controversial field of megavitamin therapy. One



leading Toronto bookstore manager says there are some 600 titles on diet and nutrition, a confusing potpourri ranging from *Killer Suits to Food Is Your Best Medicine* and *Diet and Grow Younger*.

Celebrities running all the way from comedian Dick Gregory (who whipped up a nutritional world buster called *Shameless* pizza, which he claims helped Muhammad Ali sweat his little back from Leon Spinks) to Julia Roberts and Yoko Ono (who attended macrobiotic cooking classes) have become part of the mainstreaming movement. And the beautiful people, as always, are running as fast as they can to play in

front of the fed. American designer Helmut attributes his workaholic mania to "lots of vitamins," adding with the same certitude that marks his fashion preoccupations: "Eating less is in. Eating more is out." Actress Gloria Steinem, who swears she cured herself of anorexia by drinking only fruit juice, recommends a daily dose of "shades, vegetables and nuts—and I don't mean salad greens."

because as much a contemporary preoccupation as sex. In direct testimony to that fact, Dr. David Reuben, who wrote the best-selling *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*, in 1971, followed up with *Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Nutrition*, in 1978, a treat that decries the perfunctory quality of most commercially prepared foods. "Our manuals are disappearing from the

Vegetarian dining in Toronto's "Cow Cafe"
"Eating raw is in. Eating more is out"

The virtues and vices of diet have been hotly debated ever since Adam first bit the apple. Adam and Eve, in fact, figured prominently in North America's first health food crisis. Back in the early 19th century, Rev. Sylvester Graham of West Bedford, Connecticut, advocated a return to the diet he believed sustained the biblical pair in the Garden of Eden: raw fruits, vegetables, whole grains and nuts. Whole grains wafers, under the name Graham Crackers, constitute the Presbyterians' pastor's only claim to fame. Graham's advocacy of natural cereals also led a family of

Growing organic and wild in the West

On Vancouver's Fourth Avenue, looking like a totem of the 1960s, is a tiny eight-foot cereal. The phoned figure stands in front of a food store called Life Stream which has made a name for itself as a vegetarian restaurant. It's a booming health food cooperative with sales last year of more than \$5 million. On the West Coast eating right has become big business. As the rest of the country discovers the mysteries of nutrition, B.C. with 150 health

Stéphane of Lifestream competes for a store for the average housewife



food outlets for its 2.4 million population (Ontario has a similar number for almost four times the number of citizens) is reaping and consolidating an established industry.

Scattered along the rainforest and fairly downtown street are health food stores where sales of bottled herbal remedies rise and fall according to a gum-grewing season. By whatever is in the National Enquirer this week, it produces shaven organic and natural are ubiquitous. And people pad around bleeds of scabbie apples and bins of shrewishly red bagged carrots in gel skins. Their older, slimmer counts offer advice in details: northern European accents under softness of bodies, and daily Oils. Other manifestations of Vancouver health consciousness include food co-ops or quasi health stores and both vegetarian restaurants and vegetarian cafes at the bottom of traditional menus.

For far the largest of the retail outlets is Lifestream, which boasts three partners, seven trucks, 100 employees, wholesale operations along the Pacific coast and an on-line computer to keep track of it all. In March it opened a second Vancouver store which at 5,000 square feet is the city's first organic superstore.

Although health food's success is raising its head of sweat on the hotbeds of executives of Canada's Gateway, the major food store chain in the West, it is causing internal industry problems in California,

where there are an estimated 2,000 health food retailers. Their retailers are accusing new arrivals of instant commercialism. While the supply of food to grow organic products is shrinking and prices are skyrocketing, Dave Ajay, president of the U.S. National Multifunctional Food Association, warns that unrestricted growth could wipe out the industry.

B.C. retailers worry that they can't be far behind but so far the industry has not suffered. Lifestream, three-year-old David Williams and Carolyn in Vancouver are all moving into the last. Produce is not a problem with "organically certified" cauliflower and tomatoes tucked in by audits, such as West West Organic, which has no spots left in the Fraser Valley and the Okanagan. And to protect their image, health food manufacturers have become aggressive. Lifestream, in concert with two other manufacturers, Paramount Farms and Le National, Inc. in Quebec, and the Canadian Health Food Association, is suing Melchers' television ad for \$25 million. The action alleges that leaf samples of health food products contained pesticides.

The battles have gone largely unseen by the West Coast eat-right gang. Now wars are in behind behind two rival corners at the new Lifestream store. "We want to keep our loyal customers," says Lifestream partner Anne Stephens, 36, but now we want to create a store the average housewife or busy person can relate to.

Thomas Hopkins

A very surprising rye

Smooth. So smooth. That's Melchers Very Mild. Chances are, you'll mistake it for a much older whisky. In a recent blindfold test, 7 out of 10 rye drinkers did. In fact, Very Mild is 5 years old. It seems older because it's so expertly blended.

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Myron Gutman, pioneer in the field of nutrition, is a pioneer in the field of nutrition, is a pioneer in the field of nutrition.

Michigan Seventh Day Adventists named Kellogg to manufacture in 1888 a new kind of cereal which is now known to all those as Kellogg's Cornflakes.

Like Graham's divinely inspired cereal, the current diet revolution reflects far more than a simple desire to lose weight. To be sure, the inclination to shed ungraceful bulges remains a feature of contemporary lifestyles. The last decade alone, after all, witnessed a semi-hysterical progression from Dr. Lewis Nelson's eight glasses of water a day to liquid protein to the currently fashionable Seventh-day diet, a high protein/low carbohydrate regimen. But the present mania represents an attempt to find tranquility through the knife and fork, an expression of the pursuit of physical and spiritual purity that underlies such seemingly diverse phenomena as the relentless regimes of joggers and the burgeoning battalions of meditators.

Finally, eating right is for many a simple reorientation of these twin pillars of the contemporary North American creed: youth eternal is the supreme virtue, and death, in any form, is an unacceptable inevitability. "Our interest in food is part of a recurring cycle in the attempt to produce a happier, longer lasting life," notes Toronto psychologist David Garner, who specializes in diet-related problems. Adds Dr. Carlos F. Salas, editor of Nutrition Today magazine, "We had all these wonderful revolutions and people could see they weren't affecting degenerative diseases like arthritis, cancer and arteriosclerosis. Looking around for other variables, word of us said, 'Hey, let's examine diet.'"

The forces motivating the great nutritional revolution mirror the concerns

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But even as liqueurs multiplied and came forth in ever more exotic guises, other distillers were learning to mellow and soften brandy by aging it in oak. And the art of blending aged cognac brandies into fine Cognac was born soon after.

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of post-industrial society. Such phenomena as the gradual nationwide spread of legendary West Coast sickness (see box page 16), fears about the effects of chemical fertilizers and pesticides, and the recent rampant 19th-century technology have all been credited with easily rising to the boom. And going to the ever-present bottom line, solution is forcing middle-class shoppers to balance outwards against cost on grocery lists as never before.

The prescriptions for eating right are as varied as the explanations for the nutrition boom. The latest rage at the California some eaters: fruit juice, raw fruits and vegetables with their self-administered enzymes called coelase, doctors maintain that such a treatment will do everything from clearing up your skin to lifting depression. And adherents of vegetarian diets, perhaps the most notable of which is the macrobiotic or brown rice diet, draw similar wonders for their regimen. Many recent results to vegetarianism, however, are not fully aware of the drastic consequences of their new means. Unlike animal protein, which contains sufficient amino acids for daily nutritional requirements, vegetable protein supplies such nutrients far more selectively. Vegetable proteins, therefore, should be eaten in combination to assure a balanced diet. For example, cereals and grains containing one amino acid, methionine, should be eaten with legumes that supply another essential amino acid, lysine. (Available statistical data suggest that when proper nutritional guidelines are followed, vegetarians have lower rates of heart attack and cancer of the colon than meat-eaters.)

For another and rapidly growing group of people, the true path to better nutrition lies in massive doses of vitamins combined with strict regulation of sugar intake and avoidance of food additives. Pioneered by Dr. Alan Hoffman and British doctor Humphrey Osmond, megavitamin diets were first used in the treatment of seriously disturbed schizophrenics. But since the 1976 publication of Nobel Prize-winning chemist Linus Pauling's *Vitamin C: the Common Cold*, and the *JFA*, large doses of vitamins have been advocated for an array of psychic and physical ailments ranging from mononucleosis to alcoholism to juvenile delinquency.

Despite such unconfirmed enthusiasm, the claims Pauling makes for vitamin C are still the subject of intense debate. In a test of Pauling's theory, University of Toronto epidemiologist Dr. Terence Anderson found massive doses of vitamin C made no difference in the number of colds—though it ap-



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AIR CANADA 

parently moderated their severity. Undaunted, Paudyal now advocates vitamin C not only for colds but for cancer therapy as well, and refuses to be fazed by the fact that Minnesota's Mayo Clinic, after a series of tests, recently proclaimed the vitamin C cancer treatment ineffective. According to Paudyal, the Mayo tests were conducted on patients who had already received chemotherapy, which works at cross-purposes to the vitamin treatments he advocates.

In general, orthodox nutritionists remain skeptical about the vegetable/fruit claims made for megavitamins. "At this point, I'd have to say it has very little scientific value," says George Heaton, University of Toronto professor of nutrition and food science. Schon nutritionist consultant Jane Hope, who co-authored a nutrition column for the *Toronto Star* "Some of the interest in these vitamins really scares me. Our information simply doesn't support these treatments." Megavitamin's founding father, Hoffer, is unresponsive to such criticism. "Doctors are usually 20 years behind the general public," he claims. "In any case, a lot of young physicians are very interested in the work we are doing."

Megavitamins and vegetarianism remain dietetic extremes, specialties for the most of those intent on eating right. For most, better nutrition simply means shopping at a health food store. Today, there are about 1,800 health food stores in Canada, a figure that has doubled in the past five years. To satisfy their find of customers, these owners admit



Cooper of Holistic Health, honey-laden snacks, cereals, ensuring newcomers

many of the products they now sell, such as honey-laden snacks, are concessions to the less disciplined, newer members of their clientele who have not yet weaned themselves from the "serving sugar." And to reassure some of the newcomers, Dan of Cough tells Nut-

cracker Sweet a "natural" rather than a health food store. "Health food gives an image of sterile packaging and weird people," he explains. "We have designed

our stores to put people at ease—you know, marble counters, carpet, the look of a neighborhood general store."

Not all health food shoppers, to be sure, are nutritional novices. Geoff Woodruff, president of the Canadian Health Food Association and proprietor of a Vancouver store, describes his customers as "people who have a lot of information in general about what kind of stuff the industry puts into supermarket products." But whatever their level of information, health food store shoppers pay for their convictions. While some health food retailers claim their prices on individual items compare favorably with those of larger, conventional food markets, most admit the costs of running smaller stores and buying from smaller suppliers inevitably lead to higher prices. And comparison-pricing of products with identical ingredients has shown consumers sometimes are charged up to 20 per cent more for the label bearing the word "natural."

"If you like the taste of the health food products, go ahead and buy them," says Shabazz Bright-Ser, the University of Toronto nutrition professor who writes a nutrition column with Jane Hope. Adds Hope "Look, the term 'natural' is a very imprecise one. The tanning doesn't know a natural vitamin from a synthetic one. A careful shopper can do just as well in the supermarket." Surprisingly, Abram Hoffer agrees with Hope on that score. "I don't advocate a health food store or a supermarket," he says. "All I want is

what, where and when he sells. Two weeks later, he returns for a follow-up consultation and is weighed and may be assigned to a group session. The microchip is held weekly and last 60 minutes. Cost of the total package \$150.

Among her most grateful patients are the hypothyroidism people with an emaciated, low-blood-sugar level. For years, the women endured the discomforts of stomach, depression and irritability. With expert nutritional advice they can now balance these symptoms by eating several times a day and avoiding hypoglycemic, low-carbohydrate foods.

Dwyer, in a food regimen herself since childhood when she was diagnosed as having cyclic disease, an inherited depressive defect, finds having others lose weight fun. "You see fat patients lose weight, the people fit out. Patients get rid of uncomfortable symptoms, they're suffering here for years. And just as important, they've learned why it all happened. Knowing the truth about rebellion, they can now look after themselves." **Silkey Katz**



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Advice from the GP of the dinner table

In 1977, a young woman of 26 hung out her shingle in front of a small office in the Toronto borough of Scarborough. It read: **Beth Dwyer, Registered Professional Dietician (R.D.)**. In a printed brochure, Dwyer offered to advise patients how to lose or gain weight, to design special diets for fat kids, old people, vegetarians, people with heart trouble, diabetes or allergies. I was fully prepared to tell, Dwyer recalls. After all, who would pay hard cash for advice on nutrition and dieting?

Two years later, the enthusiastic answer to that question is a rack of a lot of people. Dwyer's nutrition clinic attracted so many patients that she hired three dietitians to

help her. Today, she operates out of a spacious broom closet suite on fashionable Bloor Street West. Says Dwyer: "You could say that this is the year of the general practitioner in nutrition."

Her clientele includes men, women and children from the ages of 7 to 70. Many have been referred for diet counseling by their physician, but a growing number come on their own. At first, nearly all her patients were women. Now, fully one-third are male. Men are often motivated to lose weight, because they're dating younger women. The girls' rage for this site is the mirror reflects with that single-age as a romantic figure so they decide to do something about it. It's been my experience that male patients are more successful in sticking down than the females.

During an initial 10-hour consultation at the clinic, the client is asked dozens of questions about health, eating habits, job and domestic situation as well as past dieting experiences. He'll write away with a prescribed diet and a diary in which to record



Dietician Beth Dwyer: group seminars, diet diaries, a total \$150 package

that whenever you buy, buy carefully."

Naturally enough, that kind of talk is heavy on the ears of critics who claim many of these critics are "captives of industry"—a phrase of speech so loosely applied that it covers anything from a giant food conglomerate to the scientist who spreads crunchy peanut butter on white bread. Equally gutting to folks who are hooked on health food is the failure of many nutritionists to condemn Quaker Pseudos, taste-shaped

pastas and the man's old other triumphs of the "fast food" industry. "I think people have the idea that if something tastes good, it must be bad for them," says Nancy Schwartz, a professor of nutrition at the University of British Columbia. Not so, says nutrition professor Gilbert Loomis of Michigan State University. "There is no such thing as good food or bad food," he reports. "What is important is the balance of things that we eat. After all, fast food really is very

familiar things like hamburgers in slightly different forms." Meanwhile, Right Size serves "Fast doesn't have to contribute to poor eating habits," she notes. Even Abram Hoffer sees hope for a fast-food-addicted society. "I think as general knowledge about nutrition increases, fast-food chains will improve their products," he says. "It's already beginning. Some chains have put in salad bars."

Misconceptions over the best spread versus the Big Mac dominate the conversation that currently exists in the field of nutrition. "You must remember it's really an infant science," says Nancy Schwartz. Since 18 Canadian colleges and universities now have nutrition programs, many instituted in the past few years. Still, for every qualified nutritionist such as Toronto's Beth Donovan (see box page 58), there are at least as many rank amateurs dispensing advice over food counters, juke bars and check-out lines. "I'm afraid there are a lot of people who are practicing nutrition without any formal training at all," notes Schwartz.

Even more confusing, in view of the gloom and doom pronouncements of some food futurists, statistics indicate that, on average, Canadians have markedly improved certain aspects of their diet. Canadian supermarket sales of sugar have declined nearly five pounds per capita since 1985 to 85 pounds and consumption of high-cholesterol dairy products has also fallen. Meanwhile, consumption of fresh fruit and vegetables has risen. Dominion Stores Director of Consumer Affairs Victor LaFreniere reports that sales of such products as high-fiber cereals, touted as a preventive measure against cancer of the colon, have quadrupled in the past five years. And at Harvestland, a burgeoning, three-year-old back-to-the-land enterprise headquartered in Camden Road, Ontario, food editor Jennifer Benavil claims misadventures for such things as growing grain to make bread and preparing Japanese soybean cake are among the publication's most popular requests.

Nonetheless, the over-all picture, as nutritionists such as Uckman point out, gives less than qualified cause for optimism. Although most consumers have dropped slightly, most health experts feel the North American diet is still far too high in cholesterol-laden animal products—which are widely thought to contribute to a number of maladies including heart attacks, cancer and hardening of the arteries. And that old devil obesity remains a serious health problem, with some estimates showing more than half the population medically overweight. Losing the battle of the

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"I carry the sun in a golden cup."

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Ireland's famous poet captures in words the essence of Irish Mist. Enjoy it soon.



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ledge, however, involves lack of exercise as much as bad eating habits. "We actually consume fewer calories than our grandparents," notes Elizabeth Bright-Sun. "But we also exercise far less than they did. We don't get so fresh a heavy lunch to an afternoon of outdoor work."

The flame fresh, home-cooked beauty that, at least in legend, was a feature of grandma's table, still represents the ideal menu to many people. Yet scientists point out that our diet, taken as a whole, represents a vast improvement over the 19th century. "I'd say the diet 100 years ago was really quite bad," says James Young, a professor at Atlanta, Georgia's Emory University, who specializes in the history of food. "In fact, it was awful. There was an abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables during the winter, and diseases based on dietary deficiencies, such as scurvy resulting from a lack of vitamin C, were common."

Certainly, the controversial additives and preservatives that many consider the villains of modern-day food marketing are in large part responsible not only for the disappearance of many classic diet-related diseases but for our present gastronomic bounty as well. It would be difficult to imagine a return to a diet where strawberries appeared only in summer, oranges and grapefruits were tropical exotics and the tender young birds we call spring chickens were available as their name indicates, only in the spring.

So one, of course, advocates adding chemicals, such as some of the apparent anti-oxidizing red dyes, the presence of which may lead to cancer while at the same time having no positive nutritional effects. But specialists point out that without preservatives to enhance shelf life and kill bacterial growth, our ability to feed the 20th century's massive urban populations adequately would be severely reduced. "There's no point in saying that we can return to a world without preservatives," says Jane Hays. "That's simply an unrealistic view."

Most nutritionists, in fact, offer a strictly—almost, drug-potentially—unfussy prescription for eating right: moderation. "The best advice is simply to eat a balanced diet. Too much of any food or food group can be detrimental," says nutrition professor Brian Leake. "Even spinach can kill you if that's all you eat." With largemouth ever-present and potential controversy increasing every bite, there is still only one totally reliable guide to navigation through the maelstrom of chemicals, cholesterol and calories—Eat, Drink, and Be Merry.

With files from Patricia Kling

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SHKASTA
by Doris Lessing
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Lessing in 'Star Wars' for intergalactic

To encapsulate this novel, the history of our species and its future, would require an entire issue of *Melbury's*. The imagination behind it is breathtaking. As Doris Lessing writes in a rare introduction: "I had made—or dreamed—a new world for myself, a realm where the petty fates of planets, let alone individuals, are only aspects of cosmic evolution expressed in the provinces and interactions of great galactic Empires..." Has this master of realism, this prophet of feminism, turned to writing *Star Wars* for adolescents? No, despite the long passages

where Shkasta could best be described as intergalactic science fiction, an apology for the galaxy. No, because Shkasta is rooted in Lessing's eloquent, and analysis of Western civilization, a rage and despair that almost overwhelms the work. "Sometimes I have wondered if using the many thousands of families crammed into these towering buildings, there is one with the moral energy or even the inclination to bring up their young as well as an animal world." And what is happening to the animals?—she puts down her hand to feel the living warmth of her little cat but knows that as she stands there they are

being slaughtered, wiped out, made extinct, by senselessness, stupidity, by greed, greed, greed. "Do read Shkasta! It is at times almost unbearable, at other times a great pleasure—and sometimes it is both at once."

Shkasta is a name for our planet, and Lessing introduces a series of novels with the general title *Canopus in Argos, Archives*. Rarely, in this sense, was once a fragile part of the past and harmonious empire of Canopus. Lessing's pages describing life just before the "Catastrophe" are a triumph, proof that the devil need not have the best tunes. Things fall apart when the earth enters the influence of a tyrannical planet, Shkasta, and the precious webs of love that link it with the rest of Canopus are broken. Yet it is not just, for as well as reserving occasional dribbles of cosmic love, Shkasta plays host to a profusion of economies from Canopus and other systems. Canopians, by definition, have no classes, for they can shift effortlessly from. Much of the book is taken up by the reports from one of these emissaries, Jolok, incarnate in our time as George Sherkin. But Shkasta also includes excerpts from official Canopian histories, reports from the hell-spaces of Shkasta, journals and letters of ordinary earthlings and several passages that read suspiciously like Doris Lessing short stories. The official machinery creaks and grumbles, its master being, after all, a stranger in a strange genre, more at home with Dickens or Dante than with outer space. The constant intervention of higher beings nearly leads her into the trap of determinism, but her remarkable sympathy for the children of violence leads her promptly out, caring more for the plight of women and men than for the valiant plots of overlords. In short, the novel is a mistake, a hedge-gogole, when it's bad, it's cumbersome and starchy. When it's good, it's beyond praise.

At the heart of Shkasta lies an appalling vision of technological society. The breakdown of family and language, the poisoning of nature, the annihilation of traditional culture, the enormous growth of the transnational industry is anatomy. Lessing rightly notes, of industrial revolutions, all these, and much more, had sprung forth, together with what lies ahead. "... smash go the engines and the civilizations, and the explosions that are to come will lay to waste seas and oceans and islands and cities, and make poisoned deserts where

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the teenage detailed inventive life was, and where the mind and heart used to rest, but may no longer." After such words, sprinkled through the pages like ash, it is necessary to remind that Shkato goes beyond what we can only imagine as the final halcyon, into a future that is not exactly better than our time ("the latter part of the Century of Destruction") as it bears no relation to most things we call good.

Levin's earlier novel, *The Museum of a Survivor*, gleamed like a supple, for all her distress with Western culture, it was a very shapely book. The passion of Shkato is too urgent for elegance. In strictly formal terms Levin's crisis too loudly she might reply that to be poised and crystalline today would be a betrayal. Like William Golding, V.S. Naipaul and Nadine Gordimer, all of whom have published dark, fierce novels within the past few months, Doris Levin is a dramatist with hope. Unless her vision is pure delusion (and savagery who can be confident?), we are faced with a better destiny, the revenge for squandered grace. A trial chooses Shkato, the trial of the white man. But she does not escape disaster. From his severe European home, Jobar gazes down and finds, to his rueful delight, some of us "in their awful and ignoble end, while they scuffle and scramble and scurry among their crumbling and squallid artifacts, reaching out with their hands to heights of savagery end. I am putting the word faith here. After thought. With caution. With an exact and hopeful respect." Mark Abley

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Dance

Heavy feet and hearts in a land of tedium

Artificially, the National Ballet of Canada is suffering from fallen arches. The dancers seem bored and ill at ease with the recycled repertoire, they're tight in the torso and their feet dig into vice, producing the joy that jockboots do, none of which will all over the place, leaving little to do with the design of dancing. Are these dancers being crushed or self? To the eye accustomed to the inner mechanisms of ballet, they aren't. The company—at a crossroads after wearing stunts at Covent Garden in London and the New York State Theatre earlier this year—desperately needs a transfusion.

Some of the principal dancers have let their consciences know the righty Ann Darnborough did indeed take flight and married into California; in New York, Rudolf Nureyev, who has been associated with the company for years, had some external things to say about the company's mood. His planned and feathered production of *The Sleeping Beauty*, which opened the company's full season in Toronto Nov. 7, gets more vulgar with age. But it's still a big hit

with audiences, even though the dancers protest the feeling they would just as soon cut off their legs as dance it. One principal dancer, known for her reliable delicacy, took her *cougar* partner (first extended as far behind as it will go) as though she were diving into a hotel swimming pool. At one performance *Beauty* herself, Karen Kain, seemed to have led in her role. Except for the smothering Peter Schaubach and the spand-dancing Raymond Smith, who did a strained but spectacular *Rhapsody*, the men don't seem to have much spark in their roles. After more than a decade *Beauty* is still a hit. But what's to be done about its profusely groomed guinea-pig? Cut off all the fatness? It's a thought.

The point remains that a classical ballet company needs to do the standard repertoire of *Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake*, *Giselle* and *Coppelia*—but not at the expense of driving the dancers into the land of Tedium by denying them variety. That's only half the problem, and hardly as crucial as the poor training the dancers currently des-

Kain and Kaganov in "Sleeping Beauty," head in her hair and sword in each other

play. Betty Oliphant, principal of the National Ballet School and perhaps the finest authority on dance technique in the country, says, "I find the dancers are lacking consistency in their training—they're lacking consistency. Classes are very important, not just warm-ups. That's how dancers keep their technique." The sad thing is that many of these recruited at the National Ballet School is starting to disintegrate. At the moment the National Ballet needs new ballet masters and mistress (and perhaps the occasional compulsory class) more than it needs new operators, which is saying a lot.

Proof positive that the National's dancers desire a new, outside influence was the guest appearance of the Royal Ballet's Anthony Dowell as Oberon in Sir Frederick Ashton's ballet of fumes and folklorism, *The Dream*. Dowell recognized the company into its best performance of the work so far, but he also pointed to the Nats' lack of three-hour experience with eloquent and specific words. On the same program, Hans von Macdonald's *Les Femmes* and the collaborative *Colloquies Symphoniques* got a difficult, preliminary performance. The dancers are working right on top of the beat, not dancing with it and around it. Their energy seems to start at the calves of their legs and drill its way to the floor, their arms, again, were shooting out all over the place. Paganini Ana dolls with box of ballet in their stockings.

On an individual level there's still some satisfaction to be gained: dancers such as Karen Kain, Gail Williams and Mary Jago, and the character dancing of David Alexander Veronika Tomsak, unbelievably, is still as reliable, precise and beautifully compact as a Swiss watch in a room, while some of the other dancers, like the one who was head of the company and has partnership with Karen Kain, even a waiting and warm kind of thing, has turned into a self-will between the two.

A couple of years ago the National entered a new phase of development, no longer the milk, classically competent machine a lot of people thought it to be. With the training obviously as bad and the company in a rut of miserable morale, the feeling has fed again. Due to lack of interest (somehow) the performance look as if they might be cancelled.

Ballet is almost unparalleled as a leisure activity. It's also a very subtle art form, dealing as it does with heavy breathing that hardly can be heard at all. Because it's such a subtle thing, it needs a whip behind it. Right now nobody's cracking it. **LAWRENCE O'TOOLE**

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'Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance'

By Allan Fotheringham

The distance the newspaper issue that underlies the American post-9/11 mission, Henry Friebe, the distinguished British expatriate, wrote in *The New Yorker* the other day that he was at a Washington dinner party where "for a full hour and a half, 14 talented and interesting men and women talked of nothing but the social activities of Robert Kennedy." *The Canadian* equivalent is that the other night at an Ottawa dinner party, I listened to some 18 well-informed and serious people spending two hours of their evening arguing over whether Don Macdonald or John Turner would be, thirty years, the next leader of the Liberal party of Canada and, in the night follows the day, the next prime minister. It is always the closest issues that are the most interesting ones.

This was, recall, not Upper Beaver Boat, Maine, where it is all high concern that a supposedly the sternest Pierre Trudeau could not attend a weekend meeting of the P.C. Liberals in Vancouver, but somehow could make it to New York where he announced the energy on Saturday to take me lady to a movie and then arrive at midnight Sunday at a fashionable dinner, yet another young lady who looked as though she could fall, crumpled, at the foot of the statue of Upper Beaver Boat, Main. This was, recall, Ottawa, the host of all members of Western civilization. The steadily serious discussion among the Ottawa intellectuals and scribes was frustrating, you see, because many of the suspects present did not agree with me. It is always irritating when people of high intellect cannot see the light.

It was their having perceptions that all blue eyes, John-John himself, has it is a loss. (It might be pointed out here that the husband of Patsy Huxford in *Parliament*, wrote from his self-detracting quarters at Sunday night dinner, had posted a near unanimous conclusion that Mr. Trudeau has given up and does Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

not much care.) Well, let us posit a few arguments. The assumption is that Turner is simply passing in the night, a-groove in the morning blocks, waiting for the head to fall. That is true—for his operatives. There is a network of young lawyers and apparently mobile mountain-face experts who would spend a decade tomorrow reaching for their long-distance credit cards if himself skidded on another Manhattan dance floor and fractured his Ponce de Léon.

They would feel would Turner? There is a certain school of thought, centered at



as (possibly the best line of Eulach Camp's new book is that there are now more former Liberal finance ministers in Toronto—Turner, Macdonald, Walter Gordon, Mitchell Sharp—than there are Liberals in the legislatures of the four western provinces. One "suspects some root consonance to these disparities.") The assumption is that Macdonald, who has been collecting directorships at only a slightly less dangerous level than Turner, means it when he says he's not interested, that he doesn't have "the royal jelly." I think he means it. Still, I was in Winnipeg the other day, in observing the non-meeting called not to discuss the non-leadership, when Don Macdonald flew out from Toronto briefly just to confirm a few of us that he wasn't interested. (Hence: *Life Rush*, the most eloquent person this side of Tiger Williams, is back on such great health that she has resumed her career as a stockbroker and is splitting time.) I wonder how John Turner has one great advantage like his personal network. When



in politics, he had the gift to spot and nurture bright young men who now speak the law firms and the party events the breadth of our great, over-crowded nation. Turner has a fine team of scribes.

While party man Macdonald (disturbingly backing in his old floozie seat a black lady now involved in the burning of the St. George William University computers) has not abandoned a middle layer of the party in old-fashioned-nesses, Turner, John-John has that subterranean network.

I believe Macdonald when he says he's not seeking the leadership. But I also recall a Robert Stanfield in 1987 who said willingly that he would rather go off-jumping than move to Ottawa. He meant it, too, until some party heaven came to him and asked him if he was going to be selfish, if he belonged to the party and in Canada. Those heaven, this time Liberals, will come to Don Macdonald with the same questions and I know what his answer will be.

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